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LONDON, SATURDAY, AUGUST 3, 1844.

## REVIEWS

*Richard the Third, as Duke of Gloucester and King of England.* By Caroline A. Halsted. 2 vols. Longman & Co.

No monarch in our own annals—we might say in the annals of Europe—has been, by popular tradition, so “damned to everlasting fame,” as Richard III. Yet, even allowing as true, the traditional catalogue of his crimes, we think that some of our monarchs might well share with him the public execration. Henry I., for instance—Beauclerc, as the admiring and grateful scholars who shared his liberal patronage termed him—Henry, who blinded and imprisoned his cousin Moretoil, wrested Normandy from his nephew, flung his vassal with his own hands from the battlements of his castle; murdered one brother, and probably another, for the tale of Walter Tyrel was considered even by contemporaries as apocryphal, (Henry was known to have drawn a good bow in the greenwood,) even he, of whose public crimes and private profligacy Ordericus Vitalis and Brompton give so revolting a picture, is known to schoolboy history, as actually the best of the Conqueror’s sons, and as a very light in a dark age. Henry VIII. also, whose legalized murders filled the land with dismay, who killed his first wife by ill usage, and two others by public execution, who illegitimized his own daughters, and entertained serious thoughts of putting the eldest “openly to death!”—that “veritable King Brute,” as he has been so justly called, has never received the tithe of obloquy which has been heaped upon Richard III.

It is not surprising, therefore, that from the time when Bucke wrote his laboured vindication of Richard, to the present day, many students in English history should have sought to ascertain the causes which have contributed to fix so melo-dramatic a character of wickedness upon him, and endeavoured also to disprove that character by pointing out the many discrepancies in the statements of those nearly contemporary historians, from whom the narratives in the popular histories of England have been derived. But disputation, as the author of the volumes before us correctly says, “is an avenue through which truth, and especially historical truth, is but seldom arrived at;” she therefore determined to collect “from every available source, all existing authentic notices, however trivial, of the defamed prince and monarch,” and the result is the work on our table.

Richard Plantagenet was born at Fotheringay in October 1452. He was the youngest of eleven children, and only eight years old at his father’s death. On receiving this intelligence, the duchess caused her two youngest sons, George and Richard, to be secretly conveyed to Utrecht, by the Earl of Warwick, who was her nephew, and placed under the protection of Philip Duke of Burgundy. The court of this prince was distinguished for magnificence, and attachment to the now waning glories of chivalry, and it is not improbable that here Richard imbibed his love of pomp, and partiality to heraldic forms; while under the protection of a prince equally distinguished for his patronage of literature, he doubtless received a more careful education than the low state of letters and the unsettled state of the country could have afforded him in England. Subsequently to the accession of Edward IV., the two young princes returned to England, where they were respectively invested with the duchies of Clarence and Gloucester. The mischievous custom of heaping political offices upon mere children for the sake of emolument, can claim, it appears, a high

antiquity, for we find from the Rolls of Parliament, that the duke of Clarence, then a boy of thirteen, was appointed Lieutenant of Ireland, while Richard, scarcely more than ten, was elevated to the still more incongruous offices of “Lord High Admiral of the seas, Constable of Corfe Castle, and keeper of the forests of Essex.” It is not improbable that such an entry as this might mislead a careless historian, and induce a belief that Richard was much older, and therefore likely to have played an important part in the wars of the Roses; whereas he did not appear in the contest until the battle of Barnet. The youthful Lord High Admiral appears to have been now placed in the family of the Earl of Warwick, probably for the completion of his military education, for from an entry on the Issue Roll, fifth year of Edward IV., we find “money paid to Richard Earl of Warwick, for costs and expenses incurred by him on behalf of the king’s brother, the Duke of Gloucester.” Here, Richard must have been under the same roof with the Lady Anne Neville, Warwick’s youngest daughter; and Miss Halsted argues with probability, that Richard, who, it must be borne in mind, was her second cousin, was not only the playmate of her girlhood, but her early choice.

The attachment of Edward to his youngest brother was very great. We have seen that he distinguished him even more than his brother Clarence, and we find that when only fourteen years old, he made him knight of the Garter. At the re-interment of the Duke, their father, at Fotheringay, Richard was appointed chief mourner, “following next after the corpse” on the journey, a circumstance which seems to prove, that Edward never regarded Clarence, who, as elder, ought to have taken that place, with much affection. In the quarrel which subsequently took place between Edward and Warwick, Richard adhered to his brother, while Clarence openly took part with Warwick, and received the hand of his daughter, Isabel; and when Edward was compelled to fly from England, Richard was the companion of his flight. A few months after, Richard accompanied Edward on his return, and was employed in effecting a reconciliation, between his hostile brothers—a fact which proves, we think, the high estimate which had been formed of his intellectual character, for, at this time, he was not eighteen.

At the battle of Barnet, Richard commanded the vanguard, a proof both of military skill, and, it is reasonable to believe, of freedom from personal deformity—for, in those days, commanders, as well as soldiers, mingled in the fray, and to bear the weight of plate armour and to poise a lance twelve feet long, would have been difficult, if not impossible, to a humpback. At the battle of Tewkesbury, Richard occupied the same post of honour, and with the same success. The charge brought against him, of having murdered Prince Edward after the battle, is next adverted to, and the great discrepancies of the commonly received version pointed out. Indeed, if the unhappy young prince did not lose his life on the battle-field, it is most probable that King Edward himself killed him. Richard has, however, been charged with the murder of the father:—

“During the interval, however, which elapsed between the battle of Tewkesbury and the quelling of the insurrection of Falconbridge and Sandwich, an event occurred of far darker import—that, indeed, which, with one exception, has contributed more than all others to sully the reputation of the Duke of Gloucester, and which has handed down his name with horror and detestation to posterity: this event is the mysterious death of the unhappy and careworn Henry VI. \* \* On the morning after King

Edward the Fourth’s triumphant entry into the metropolis, Henry VI., his meek and suffering rival, was found lifeless in the Tower; and towards the close of the same day—that which preceded the departure of the victorious monarch into Kent—the corpse of Henry of Lancaster ‘upon a bier, and about the bier more glaives and staves than torches,’ was brought from the Tower to St. Paul’s, and there publicly exposed to view preparatory to being conveyed to Chertsey for interment. There were too many political motives for the expediency of the royal captive’s death, not to favour the suspicion that it was hastened by violence; and a very cursory view of the leading crimes and miseries of those fearful times will show that political expediency was in fact the foundation of almost all the dark and daring deeds that sullied that degenerate era. Every malevolent and ireful feeling was doubtless re-kindled in Edward’s heart, by the attempt of Falconbridge to release the Lancastrian monarch; and also by his setting fire to the metropolis. To the ill-timed insurrection, then, of this daring character, there is strong reason to conclude may, at least in a great degree, be ascribed the sudden and premature death of Henry VI. Warwick, the king-maker, was slain, and Margaret of Anjou was a prisoner and childless; the young Prince of Wales was numbered with the dead, and the ex-king himself was not only in close confinement, but alike incapable of active measures, whether in mind or body. Yet Falconbridge had proved, within eight days of the battle of Barnet, and almost before Warwick’s unquiet spirit rested in the silent tomb, that the daring temperament of this mighty chief yet lived in his kinsman, and that King Henry’s name alone was sufficient to render Edward’s throne unstable. The vindictive feeling which influenced this sovereign’s military conduct to those opponents who thwarted his views or opposed his ambition, when coupled with such palpable cause for indignation, affords the strongest ground for believing that the death of his unhappy rival was a matter previously determined upon by the Yorkist monarch, even if, as was alleged, nature, worn out and exhausted, had really anticipated the decree by a tranquil and natural dissolution. \* \* It is from annals who were living at the period when the event occurred that the truth can alone be elicited, and these resolve themselves into three: viz. the two small fragments already quoted, under the title of Fleetwood’s and Warkworth’s Narrative, and the able ecclesiastical historian, the Chronicler of Croyland. \* \* The statements of these three coeval writers are as follows:—The Yorkist narrative, after detailing the imprisonment of Queen Margaret, the death of the young prince, and the total discomfiture of the Lancastrians, thus describes the death of the unhappy monarch:—‘The certainty of all which came to the knowledge of the said Henry, late called king, being in the Tower of London: not having afore that knowledge of the said matters, he took it to so great despite, ire, and indignation, that of pure melancholy he died, the 23rd day of the month of May.’ \* \* But, plausible as is the account just narrated of his demise, the circumstance of his being discovered dead on the only day that King Edward was in London, united to the fact of that monarch having so recently placed Henry in a position of such peril at Barnet that his preservation seemed little less than miraculous, and of his having written to the Duke of Clarence (even when uncertain of the result of that engagement) ‘to keep King Henry out of sanctuary,’ affords, to say the least, more than ordinary ground of suspicion that the death of the captive sovereign was hastened by unfair and violent means. It also induces strong presumptive proof that the Lancastrian account, thus related by Warkworth, approaches nearest to the truth:—‘And the same night,’ says that writer, ‘that King Edward came to London, King Henry, being inward in prison in the Tower of London, was put to death, the 21st day of May, on a Tuesday night betwixt 11 and 12 of the clock.’ \* \* But however well authenticated the fact, such an avowal would have been very unsafe in an acknowledged follower of the house of York during the life of King Edward, although it was imperative on him and the contemporary writers to furnish some cause for the sudden death of Henry VI. Hence the spe-

cious account given in Fleetwood's Chronicle of this appalling act; hence the veil scrupulously drawn over the harrowing facts which Warkworth, uninfluenced by fear of the populace, and unrestrained by the patronage of the king, so minutely details. \*\* Here the additional evidence of the third contemporary, the Prior of Croyland, becomes most important; for his description not only confirms the fact of Henry's death having been accelerated by violence, but his guarded expression gives but too much ground for believing that he considered it was the act of King Edward. 'During this interval of time,' he says, 'the body of King Henry was found lifeless in the Tower: may God pardon and give time for repentance to that man, whoever he was, that dared to lay his sacrilegious hands upon the Lord's anointed! The doer may obtain the name of a tyrant; the sufferer, of a glorious martyr.'"

We think, that from the charge of this murder also, Richard must be exonerated; but he must have been more than a mere mortal, if, surrounded by such scenes, and such associates as his two brothers, he could have felt much horror of bloodshed.

The next scene of Richard's early days, has much of romance at a time when little indeed might be expected. We have shown how Richard had, in boyhood, been under the same roof with his cousin Lady Anne:—

"That the Lady Anne Neville and her cousin Gloucester were thus intimately associated in childhood rests not on mere surmise, but is proved, in one very striking instance, on the testimony of a narrative of historical value appended to Leland's Collectanea, the genuineness of the authorities connected with which have never been disputed. The circumstance here alluded to is the appearance in public of the youthful co-heiresses of the Earl of Warwick with their royal kinsman the young Duke of Gloucester, at the costly feast which celebrated the installation, as archbishop of York, of their uncle, George Neville, lord chancellor of England. That Richard came there with Warwick's family as a visitor to the archbishop's palace, and not in state as a prince of the blood royal, is inferred from his extreme youth, and from no mention being made of any other near members of the reigning family: likewise because his young cousins, as if in compliment to the youthful prince, were placed in a more honourable position than they would otherwise have been entitled to occupy; 'sitting in the chief chamber,' with the king's brother, although the name of their mother the Countess of Warwick occurs with 'the estates sitting in the second chamber.' Here, then, positive proof appears of their intimacy in childhood."

Some years, however, passed away ere they again met, and then it was after the death of Prince Edward, to whom the Lady Anne had been contracted:—

"There is no doubt that she was included in the attainder that was issued against Queen Margaret and her own mother, the Countess of Warwick, together with other leading personages connected with the Lancastrian faction; and she appears to have remained a state prisoner under the charge of the Lady Isabel and Clarence during the absence of King Edward with his brother of Gloucester, when occupied in quelling the insurrection of Falconbridge. Whatever were the sentiments entertained by Richard towards his youthful companion, and however keenly his former affection for his cousin may have revived when she was no longer withheld from him as the affianced of another, yet was he too much occupied by his military duties, too much pledged in honour to aid the king, when summoned to accompany him against the insurgents in Kent, to have either means or opportunity of making known his intentions. But the result affords fair inference for surmising that the desolate position of his orphan kinswoman was not unobserved or unheeded by Gloucester, and warrants also the supposition that his early attachment to the Lady Anne was well known to the Duke of Clarence: for, before Richard returned from Kent, and clearly in anticipation of his brother's probable conduct towards his sister-in-law, he adopted the most strenuous but extraordinary means of frustrating all communication between them—that of concealing her under the disguise of a

kitchen maid. \* \* \* 'Let us now insert that dispute,' says the Croyland chronicler, 'with difficulty to be appeased, which happened during this Michaelmas term (1471) between the king's two brothers; for after, as is aforesaid, the son of King Henry, to whom the Lady Anne, younger daughter of the Earl of Warwick, was betrothed, fell in the battle of Tewkesbury, Richard Duke of Gloucester besought that the said Anne should be given to him to wife, which request was repugnant to the views of his brother the Duke of Clarence, who had previously married the earl's eldest daughter. He therefore caused the damsel to be concealed, lest it should become known to his brother where she was; fearing the division of the inheritance, which he wished to enjoy alone in right of his wife rather than undergo portion with any one. But the cunning of the said Duke of Gloucester so far prevailed, that, having discovered the maiden in the attire of a kitchen girl in London, he caused her to be placed in the sanctuary of St. Martin's; which having been done, great discord arose between the brothers.'"

As Miss Halsted justly says, Richard could not have sought the Lady Anne for her estates, for she was attainted at this very time:—

"Moreover, let it be asked, why did Clarence 'cause the damsel to be concealed,' unless he suspected that the affection which had been early formed for her by Gloucester would lead him immediately to renew his vows of attachment, and incline her to listen to them? He evidently anticipated the fact, and acted upon it; for no mention is made by the chronicler of the Lady Anne's desire to be concealed; no intimation is given of her repugnance to her cousin, or of her flying to avoid his overtures; but positive assertion is made by him that avarice—the coveting her share of riches that were her birthright, and which he trusted, perhaps, from her attainder, he should exclusively possess in right of her elder sister—alone influenced the unworthy prince, whose greedy desire for power and riches led him first to rebel against and dethrone his elder brother, and even to deprive him in his adversity of his patrimonial inheritance; and now instigated him to separate from his younger brother the object of his choice, and cruelly to persecute and degrade the unhappy victim whom he was bound by consanguinity and misfortune to protect, because, as distinctly alleged by the chronicler, 'he feared the division of the inheritance he wished to enjoy alone.'"

Richard, however, persevered in his determination to make her his wife, and sought the consent of the King, the Lady Anne meanwhile remaining in sanctuary; whereupon "great discord arose between the brothers," says the Croyland Chronicler, "and so many reasons were alledged on both sides, the king sitting as umpire, that all bystanders, even those learned in the law, wondered that the said princes possessed so much talent in arguing their own cause."

Richard finally prevailed: the King agreed to the marriage, and it was determined that "Gloucester should have such lands as should be decided by arbitrators." The date of this marriage, and its place of solemnization, are, however, unknown: it probably took place in 1472, at Westminster. In this year, Richard was made High Constable of England, and keeper of all the king's forests, north of the Trent.

From this period, Richard fixed his abode in the north of England, and chiefly at Pontefract Castle, where he appears to have enjoyed a great degree of popularity, until he accompanied King Edward on his French expedition in 1475; and when the crafty Louis XI. sought by bribes to corrupt the fidelity of the English nobles, Richard alone is said to have refused them. In the dissension which soon after took place between the King and Clarence, Richard appears to have been wholly neutral; he was indeed resident in the north during the whole time, nor does "a single document exist that connects Gloucester with the quarrel." The whole history of Clarence's treason—if it were so—and death, is a mystery, but there seems no reason

for charging Richard with being in any way accessory to it. We have several documents proving that he was residing during this time at Middleham Castle. Soon after, however, we find him in London, and residing at Crosby Place; his son,—eldest son he is termed,—who had been created Earl of Salisbury, remained at Middleham:—

"As relates to the immediate biography of the young Earl of Salisbury, a most interesting and curious document preserved in the same MS. library gives the only few brief memorials that have been transmitted to posterity relative to this young prince in his childhood. These are contained in a fragment connected with the household expenditure and the administration and economy of the Duke of Gloucester at Middleham during this and the following year, in which the details are so minute that even the colour of the young prince's dress is inserted, as also the price of a feather to be worn in his cap. One item commemorates the sudden death and burial of Lord Richard Bernal, his governor, who, it would seem, expired and was interred at Pomfret, recently after a journey from Middleham, a specified sum being inserted for 'ye Lord Richard's costs from Middleham to Pontefret,' and another expenditure for 'the Lord Richard's burial.' Various entries connected with this nobleman show the entire association of the young prince with his tutor, and it also proves that Middleham was their fixed abode during Gloucester's active military career. The cost of the young Edward's primer and psalter, together with that of the black satin with which they were covered, are specified in this remarkable fragment, which also demonstrates the nature of the amusements in which the illustrious child was permitted to indulge. These latter items are particularly pleasing, and altogether invaluable, as relates to the private history of Richard Duke of Gloucester, from portraying the lenity of his domestic rule, evinced by the encouragement which he gave to the pastimes of the period, such as payment for a pack of hounds, the wages of a resident jester, the election of a king of rush-bearing, and a king also of Middleham, mummeries evidently connected with the district where he resided. Other items are still more important, from the proof they afford of Richard's attention to the comforts and rights of his personal attendants, and those of his offspring. These, together with the frequent and munificent alms-offerings of himself and his family to the religious houses in the vicinity of Middleham, attest his strict observance of the devotional ordinances of the period, and display in a remarkable manner the admirable regularity and perfect order which characterized his domestic establishment."

In 1482 war broke out with Scotland, and Richard advanced to Berwick, and laid siege to it. On its capitulation he advanced into Scotland, and marched direct to Edinburgh, which it is said he saved from pillage and destruction. The Scottish monarch having yielded to his demands, Richard returned, and was welcomed by his brother, received the thanks of the two houses of Parliament, and then returned to the North. But a new scene was now about to open to him. Edward, enfeebled by excesses, began, in the spring of 1483 to sink rapidly. His illness suddenly became alarming, and ere the young Prince of Wales could be summoned from Ludlow, or the Duke of Gloucester from the North, he expired. In another notice we shall consider the character of Richard as Protector and King.

*Historic Fancies.* By the Hon. George Sydney Smythe, M.P. Colburn.

If there be one thing above another calculated to offend the members of the party calling itself "Young England," it is a critical spirit. If we are to judge them by their own formal manifestoes, and involuntary utterances, they are all for faith, feeling, paradox. But faith must be tested by reason; feeling moderated, lest in some of its relations it should prove maudlin or morbid; and paradox, according to its importance, played with or put down by those whose office it is to



weigh and to consider. Well do we know that it is no palatable duty to sit in judgment on the productions of those who claim to be their own law-makers. Want of heart, want of geniality, want of earnestness, and the like :—we know the bead-roll of offences with which the poor servants of the public (and of Truth) are charged on all such occasions!

Such knowledge, however, neither brightens nor blackens the pages before us, though the work of a gentleman perpetually cited as belonging to the body alluded to. Mr. Smythe declares himself in his preface to have an universal sympathy, and a strong leaning towards France. He wishes his lucubrations should prove a link to unite, not a sword to sever. He informs us that there "is unity in their system." We give him full credit for the large and philanthropic spirit he professes, yet find ourselves at a loss as to the "unity" of these papers. It is easier to admire at the author's liberal indulgence in florid language, than to come at any clear insight into his principles or conclusions. Then, while he promises us "fancies" in his title-page, he appears to prefer dealing with realities, though mistily, and, as he owns, with great inconsistency. The most substantial things in the book are several portraits of the French Revolutionists—here, at least, drawn once too often: we doubt indeed whether recent English and French historians, and character painters, have left much that is new to be said concerning Mirabeau, Robespierre, Tallien, St. Just, and the rest of "the fair company." The *residuum*, however, be it more or less, has not been come at by Mr. Smythe.

Besides these prose papers, we have an imaginary conversation or two, and verses romantic, contemplative, dramatic, and amatory. Mr. Smythe speaks of his rhyme as "Saxon Song:" but that his notions of language are fanciful rather than historical, is apparent from the first specimen he offers us of his ballad language—

Oh never yet was theme so meet for roundel or romance  
As the ancient aristocracy and chivalry of France :—

"Chivalry" might pass, but "aristocracy" is a word, which neither country crowder nor courtly troubadour could have swallowed. If Mr. Smythe does not believe the *Athenæum*, let him ask that master of the historical ballad style—Mr. Macaulay. Again, let us look at Mr. Smythe's idea of the burden of an English ditty :—

The land it boasts its titled hosts,—they could not vie with these,  
The merchants of Old England, the *seigneurs* of the sons! :—

The above title we fear, will not ring in tune with Bow Bell!

Further, we will afford a specimen of the language, according to Mr. Smythe, in which Boingbroke, Pulteney, and Wyndham, discussed parliamentary matters in the last century. He has thrown their colloquy into the form of a dramatic scene: and the following character in little, will be recognized as a "gem," though not precisely "of purest ray serene."

Suave, soft, mellifluous Yonge,  
That oratorical kaleidoscope (!)  
All broken thoughts, and loose antitheses,  
And coloured words, and vitreous sentences,  
And parcelled facts, and random hits,  
And that deep tone of pulmonary pathos,  
I think I can well guess the effect he made. (!)

With one short specimen of Mr. Smythe's plain English pathos, we shall close these remarks. The strength, it will be conceded, is equal to *Rosa Matilda's* strongest,—the simplicity rivals that of the *feuilleton* style :—

"I had scarcely written thus far upon the insignificance of the present election in France, when our courier rushed in to announce an event which may change the whole aspect of European politics. The Duke of Orleans is dead. His horses ran away with him in a light carriage; he jumped out, fell upon his head, and only spoke once afterwards, some few in-

coherent words in German—his wife's language. Poor king!—poor queen!—poor brothers!—poor sisters!—poor wife! The only united royal house that ever was! The saddest procession! The dead body carried on to Neuilly, escorted by soldiers, with tears upon their rough faces. The King, Queen, Madame Adelaide, Princess Clementine, Duc d'Aumale, and Montpensier following on foot. By their side, people, gradually increasing in numbers, following with deep and silent sympathy, priests, who of their own accord, join themselves to that melancholy throng, and chant a requiem! 'Why was it not I?' the poor father muttered repeatedly, and the mother, in the midst of all her own anguish, could not help exclaiming, 'Oh, what a misfortune for France.'"

Enough, and more than enough, for the admirers of our author's talent. No further expatiation is needed to illustrate our judgment that his history halts, and that his fancy has not passed its in-fancy.

*The Antigone of Sophocles, as acted at the Odéon in Paris, [Antigone, &c.]* By Messrs. Maurice and Vacquerie. Paris, Fume & Co.; London, Dulau.

WHEN about two years ago it was announced that a close translation of some of the finest specimens of the old Greek, was about to be produced at Berlin, under the patronage of the King of Prussia, with as near an approximation to the ancient forms of representation as the peculiarities of the modern theatre would admit, it was generally believed that the attempt would be a failure, or at best would only obtain the success of those startling novelties, which are applauded and forgotten. Nothing was omitted likely to contribute to success; the music for the choral odes was composed by Mendelssohn; the most illustrious scholars of the Berlin Academy regulated the costumes, the decorations, and the scenery; the several professors of the University lectured on the principles and structure of the Greek drama, so as to insure for the revivals a discriminating audience. The success was complete, though the experiment was tried with the *Antigone*, which we should not have thought the best specimen for conciliating public favour. It was, however, believed in other parts of Europe, that the triumph was owing to the enthusiasm of the German students, whose warm imaginations were ready to seize upon any impersonation of their university pursuits, and that the repetition of the experiment in a country where Greek literature had no such predominance, would be a hopeless experiment. "There will be nothing but the prejudices of scholars in its favour," was the cry of the theatrical critics, when in fact the greatest of all difficulties was to overcome these very prejudices. When we endeavour to image forth to our minds the idea of the representation of a Greek tragedy, such as it was exhibited in the brilliant days of the Athenian republic, we at once conjure up a restoration of the stupendous edifice, which was cut out of the living rock of the Acropolis, illuminated by the glorious sun of Attica, and refreshed by the breezes of the Ægean. In such a theatre the audience was itself a spectacle,—nay more, was intimately associated with the business of the stage; so that every spectator was to some extent an actor, the Chorus forming the connecting link between the stage and what we may call "the house." It was impossible for a modern audience "cribbed, cabined, and confined," in the cages which we call boxes, to possess that unity and personality, which would render it, in its collective capacity, itself an actor; and this is a difficulty which has not been overcome either in Berlin or Paris.

The Chorus forms the very essence of the Greek drama, which we must ever remember was a religious solemnity, and not merely an

amusing exhibition; the modern stage does not afford opportunities for such a complete separation between the actors, properly so called, and the members of the Chorus. The latter in the ancient theatres performed their sacred dances, and sung their devotional hymns, in the orchestra, around the *Thymele*, or altar of Bacchus, which stood close to the front row of the spectators, while the stage was at a considerable distance beyond, so that the actors would have appeared pygmies, had not artificial means been employed to increase their height and swell their dimensions. The very largest modern stage could not afford sufficient room for the orchestra, or space allotted to the chorus, and sufficient elevation for the proscenium, where the proper personages of the drama acted their parts. Both in Berlin and Paris the proscenium was but slightly raised above the orchestra, and thus the Chorus was far from being kept so distinct from the personages of the drama, as Greek Tragedy imperatively required. Both stages were far more appropriate to a play of Seneca than of Sophocles, for the Roman drama did not preserve the rigid rule of the Greeks.

Another, and perhaps a greater difficulty, was the music of the choral odes. So far as we can discover, the Greeks used the most simple melodies, and delivered their odes in a kind of recitative, being far more anxious to convey distinctly the words of the author, than to exhibit compass or flexibility of voice; hence this style is called "oratorical singing" by the ancient critics. It would have been treason against poetry, to stifle under a tempest of harmony the sublime appeal to the Solar-god, in which the Chorus of the *Antigone* calls upon "the eye of golden day," to bear witness to the divine overthrow of the Seven Chieftains who fought against Thebes; its fervid exultation, its devoted piety, its testimony at once to Divine aid and human prowess, gives an importance to every word and syllable, for the loss of any one of which, no musical triumph could at all compensate. Mendelssohn's music was powerful and expressive, but it was too often deficient in the transparency required, to enable the spectators to appreciate the most delicate beauties in the sublime lyrics of the tragic chorus.

The last, and perhaps the greatest difficulty, arose from the subject of the drama. The *Antigone*, as a French critic has justly observed, is a specimen of the martyrlogy of ancient Greece, and the death of the heroine was of the same character, in heathen estimation, as that of those martyrs presented in the mysteries of the middle ages. Her martyrdom, however, is falsely associated by the critic with the Greek mythology; her legend, on the contrary, is associated with those gloomy notions of indefinable and irreversible Destiny, which lay behind and beyond all the poetry and all the philosophy of ancient Greece. The story is simple even to nakedness: *Antigone*, contrary to the commands of Creon, bestows the rights of burial on her brother's corpse, and for this crime is put to death; Creon's son, to whom she was betrothed, commits suicide, and the whole of the royal line is involved in his fate. It must, however, be remembered that the *Antigone* in its original existence, does not stand alone; it forms the conclusion of that wondrous trilogy, which depicts the results of involuntary crime, in the horrid fate of the house of *Œdipus*; it is the termination of an unavailing struggle against the power of Fate. It records a contest between Man and Destiny, in which the issue is ever present to the spectator, and yet every step of progress lacerates his heart, as if he were forced to drink the mystic cup of horror drop by drop. To isolate one division of this trilogy, which when once read is for ever printed upon the

mind in its awful totality, was a hazardous experiment, and one which Sophocles himself would hardly have attempted.

In spite of all these drawbacks, the success of Messrs. Maurice and Vacquerie, who have brought out the *Antigone* at the Odéon, in Paris, has been triumphant, and well deserved to be so. Let our reader suppose himself in our company, and about to witness the representation. We enter the pit, which, on this occasion, has been laid out so as to give no bad notion of the Greek *κοίλον*, and which the Parisians have rather inappropriately called "the amphitheatre;" we observe in front of the stage, and before the curtain, a segment of a square column, about four feet high, on the top of which are placed some green boughs and chaplets. This is the *Thymele* or altar of Bacchus, before which the priests of the god and the chief magistrates of Athens offered prayers, libations, and sacrifice at the commencement and conclusion of each day's performance. There also stood the author, or his deputy the *Didaskalos* (teacher), to direct the movement, and aid the memory of the persons who composed the Chorus. This has formed no part of the modern revival, but in its place we have one of Mendelssohn's finest overtures, in which you literally have

A fearful drama rendered you in music.

Its leading element is a plaintive soothing melancholy, fit to prepare the mind for the reception of the victim of fraternal love, and the notes of sadness gradually increase in their intensity until they burst into one wild crash of ruin and dismay. It is not perhaps necessary to say that this is a modern innovation; the commencement of a Greek tragedy was announced by the voice of the herald, or by a single note of a trumpet; the later Romans introduced tragic actors by an imitation of thunder. Still the most rigid stickler for purity would be reluctant to dispense with the orchestral symphonies of Mendelssohn.

The curtain, instead of being raised to exhibit the stage, falls down, and disappears under the platform; this was the Roman custom, but in Greece the scenes were never hidden from the view of the spectators. The proscenium and scenery are now before us, constructed strictly on the principles laid down by Pollux. The scene represents the peristyle of Creon's palace, having a large gate in the centre and smaller entrances at each side. The centre is the royal gate, through which, according to Greek rule, the principal personage of the drama made his entrances and exits, the side-doors being used by the second and third-rate characters; the *parascenia*, or wings, have also gates, not used in this drama; the one for vehicles coming from the country, the other for persons and matters connected with the sea. The reader will remember that it is through one of the side-gates in the *parascenia* that Agamemnon and Cassandra make their entrance, when coming from the siege. There is another object on the stage, connected with the Agamemnon, to the right of the great gate of the palace, a small tapering column supporting a little tray. That is the *Aguieion*, or altar sacred to Apollo Aguius, (guardian of the public streets), and it was to this object that Cassandra addressed her raving prophecies when all the horrors perpetrated by the house of Pelops arose before her frenzied imagination. The anguish of her reproach to Apollo receives much point from the presence of his altar, at the threshold of the house, where she, the chosen object of his love, was about to be butchered.

*Antigone* and *Ismene* enter on the stage from the palace; Sophocles presupposes you to be acquainted with the characters of both; he had introduced them in the second drama of the tri-

logy, the *Œdipus Coloneus*, and had there shown the tenderness of affection combined with the firmness of purpose in the mind of *Antigone*, while *Ismene* exhibited the timidity and weakness of a feeble girl. The conversation between the sisters tells the history of the family of *Œdipus* during the interval which elapsed between the closing of the second tragedy at Colone, and the opening of the third in Thebes. This is one of the occasions on which we sensibly feel the injury that has been done to Sophocles by disavowing the *Antigone* from the rest of the trilogy. Her opening words to *Ismene*, declaring that they, though feeble girls, must not expect to escape from their share in the fearful doom to which the house of *Œdipus* is predestined, to be fully appreciated require that the catastrophes of the two preceding dramas should be fresh in the minds of the audience. They were vividly impressed on the heart of the young actress, Mdlle. Bourbier, to whom the part was intrusted; she came upon the stage with the air of one who felt that the previous circumstances of her unhappy life were known and had won sympathy; and she assumed the tone of one who had accepted her destiny, and who had embraced misery without yielding to despair. The stiff formality of rhyme was certainly an unfavourable medium for the burst of feeling, which runs in full freedom through the iambics of Sophocles, and yet we doubt whether in Athens itself a more powerful effect was produced by the delivery of the opening lines. Her purpose to disobey the royal mandate, by giving the rites of sepulture to her brother, is then announced in a tone of calm determination; and her replies to the remonstrances of *Ismene* were given in tones of sorrowful reproach, particularly the final declaration of her unchanged resolution. The Chorus now makes its appearance, entering by the side-scenes, and not according to ancient rule descending by a staircase from the *parascenia*. The space allotted to the Chorus, or as it was called the orchestra, was too contracted to admit of those graceful evolutions, or sacred dances, which appear to have been more valued by the Greeks than any other accompaniment; in the present instance the poetry of music has been substituted for the poetry of motion, with one obvious disadvantage, that in some of the finest passages the music overwhelmed and destroyed the words. We think also that Mendelssohn has not fully appreciated the purport of the first choral ode; it is not only a song of triumph, but a hymn of thanksgiving; now, while he has given full force to its exultation he has all but missed its devotional character.

Creon comes now upon the stage, under still greater disadvantages than *Antigone*, for the gradual change effected in his character during the progress of the three dramas is one of the most wondrous specimens of moral analysis to be found in the whole course of literature. M. Bocage, who represented the tyrant, possesses none of the wonderful art by which Mdlle. Bourbier showed to the audience that she had a past history which had predestined her present position. His personation of Creon was that of a simple tyrant, not of a tyrant whose character had been moulded and formed by the force of preceding circumstances. In other respects his performance was excellent; his gestures had the sculptural and statue-like character of the antique; slightly indeed as the proscenium was raised at the Odéon, it was sufficient to show that the statuary and the theatrical representations of Greece had a close and intimate connexion. In the scene that follows, when the guard declares that the royal edict had been disobeyed, and that dust had been scattered over the body of *Polynices*, we find that the French translators were fettered

by the ultra-classical rules of Racine, and did not, like Sophocles, exhibit the coarseness and terror of the soldier, but made him more like a courtier of Louis XIV. This same timidity was exhibited in several other scenes, so as fully to prove that the classical drama of France has adopted rules very different from the classical drama of antiquity. Even Sophocles was too coarse and natural for the courtly refinement of Racine. The discovery of *Antigone* by the guard, her condemnation by Creon, her refusal to allow *Ismene* to share her fate, are greatly softened down in the French representation, and still worse havoc is made of the scene in which *Hæmon*, the son of Creon, and the affianced husband of *Antigone*, remonstrates against his father's unjust sentence, and ends by renouncing his filial obedience. All this was sadly vexatious, and we only recovered our temper when the Chorus sung that wondrous ode, the Invocation to Love, in which Mendelssohn has put forth his whole strength, and produced one of those pieces of music which is sure of immortality. *Antigone* rushes in, clasps the altar of Bacchus, and appeals to the members of the Chorus, as elders and princes of Thebes, for protection. This scene was wrought up to the intensity of agony, and the spectators seemed to hold their breath in sympathy as the hapless girl appealed from one to the other, when she was finally dragged off by the order of Creon.

The entrance of the blind prophet *Tiresias*, worthily represented by M. Rouvière, again reminded us that we only had a fragment of the trilogy. His previous appearance in the *Œdipus Tyrannus* is the key to the horror which his presence now is designed to inspire. Creon's rejection of his advice, and his subsequent yielding when the Chorus shows that the words of the prophet had produced their effect, have so direct a reference to the *Œdipus Tyrannus* that the scene is scarcely intelligible to those who are not acquainted with the first part of the trilogy. This is followed by the choral ode to Bacchus, now established as a popular piece of music in France and Germany; but we felt that its harmony overwhelmed some of the finest passages in the lyric.

A messenger announces that *Hæmon* has committed suicide; *Eurydice* hears the cry of grief, enters from the palace, and learns her son's fate; not a word betrays the mother's mortal agony; she folds herself in her veil: no words could tell such a tale as this simple action.

As *Eurydice* is borne off to the palace Creon enters, bearing in his arms the dead body of his son; we were irresistibly reminded of *Lear* holding in his feeble arms the lifeless form of *Cordelia*. But the agony of Creon is imbibed by remorse and conscious guilt; and it is scarcely increased when a messenger announces that his queen had followed the example of her son, and at the same time the opening doors of the palace display the body of *Eurydice* extended before the statue of *Minerva*. Nowhere is the wondrous art of Sophocles, in exciting pity, so conspicuous as in this catastrophe; Creon between the lifeless bodies of his wife and child, maddened by memory of the past, and destitute of hope for the future, gives a fitting conclusion to this series of overwhelming calamities. The reflection on the evil consequences of human pride which leads men to assert their independence of Destiny, given by the Chorus, as the moral, is applicable to the entire trilogy, and not specially to the *Antigone*; so that in the end as at the beginning, we are forced to feel that we have only witnessed a fragmentary representation. At the close, too, we look to the *Thymele*, standing in front of the curtain, with the expectation of finding it connected with something additional. In Athens it would have smoked



with incense, while the judges decided on the merits of rival dramatists, and the archon prepared the prize to bestow on the successful competitor. For this ceremonial, the calls for the author and actors were but an imperfect substitute.

We have thus given our impressions of a literary and theatrical novelty which has had unexpected success. Others must determine whether such an experiment shall be tried in England. All we shall say upon the subject is, that the nearer the approach made to the original the greater will be the interest of the drama; the only parts which at all flagged in Paris were those where the natural expressions of Sophocles were sacrificed to the conventional proprieties of the French drama.

*One and Twenty Sheets from Switzerland—[Einundzwanzig Bogen, &c.]* Edited by George Herwegh. London, Williams & Norgate.

We expected to find more poetry in this collection of papers, originally intended for Herwegh's projected, but suppressed, journal, the *German Messenger*; but, excepting a few pieces by the editor and one of his associates, Louis Seeger, the volume is full of essays and incipient treatises on political and ecclesiastical affairs. With these we shall not meddle; but one paragraph in a review, apparently from the pen of this Louis Seeger, fairly comes within our jurisdiction. The writer very dogmatically determines the future destiny of poetry, and insists upon making a soldier of the muse. Against this tyrannical measure we must remonstrate. Thus our author concludes his very youthful fanfaronade in behalf of military poetry:—

In conclusion, one more word in all seriousness. Let us be understood: once for all, we say, we have done with the poetry of peace, with all soft, rose-and-violet poetry. We banish the "eternal feminine" (an allusion to the mystical expression at the close of 'Faust') into the realm of the distaff and the kitchen, there to make herself useful in preparing linen bandages for the wounded, &c. But poetry, now, like the Maid of Orleans, must put on armour; the shepherdess must be girdled with good metal; for God's voice, the voice of the people, has pierced her ear, and aroused her from all her pleasant dreams; and now she will die under the banner, rather than relinquish it. Since poetry has put on manly apparel, the shepherd's grove is deserted; the flowery beds in the garden of romance are trodden down, and, instead of the languishing tones of the guitar under the balcony, we hear the blast of trumpets. But the flourish of trumpets is music, and battle is poetry. Maiden! you must go to a convent. And let every one who prefers his own ease to fighting against evil spirits sit still by his hearth, or hide himself in the bosom of the only-saving church; there he will find rest—the rest of the grave. But no! even there quiet shall not be long enjoyed: the hammer of time strikes at the convent-doors till they burst asunder, and the graves restore their dead. Even into the very bosom of the all-devouring, light-and-air-imprisoning church, and through the doors of the spiritual basilica, the triumphal hymn of the new spirit has penetrated. Open the doors, or—

What a climax! Men who write in this style must, certainly, be born to achieve great things either in poetry or in politics—perhaps in both. But, seriously, we pray for an amnesty in behalf of poetry, for some fair commutation of this very severe sentence pronounced upon all gentle cultivators of the *belles lettres*! So, because George Herwegh, L. Seeger, and others have turned politicians, but have yet to prove themselves great authorities either in prose or verse, we are to have no more poetry! This is after Malvolio's fashion—because he was "virtuous," there was to be "no more cakes and ale." It reminds us of a paper in one of our polemical reviews,

evidently the production of some youngster, in his first glow of patriotic zeal, condemning all who dare amuse themselves with pleasant literature, while such serious questions were pending in the church. The *Athenæum* has, very frequently, expressed an opinion, that our poetry (including, under the title, our imaginative prose works) should have a reference to, and a sympathy with, the interests of the present age; but this must be in its own proper style. If a writer wishes to bring forward some political projects, let him write a treatise or an essay: if he wishes to expose the errors of men of an opposite party, let him do it in the appropriate shape of a pamphlet or a review-article; but let not the muses be turned into maids of all work: let us rather, amid all the contentions of the times, preserve the field of polite literature, as a cool and verdant place of refreshment, as we would keep open green pastures around our crowded and busy towns, for recreation and enjoyment.

We will never, to excuse a deficiency of genius, complain of the world in which we dwell as affording no sufficient materials for poetic use. It is crowded with them; we only want the eye to discover them, the spirit to comprehend and reproduce them. Science, in banishing old wonders and mysteries, opens to our view new wonders. Industry, in recalling interest from fields of warlike enterprise, is filling the earth with the fruits of a far more glorious enterprise. The world is enlarged, and the poet's field of contemplation is widening, as surely as that of the merchant. We are rather mastered by abundant materials than in want of them. There is plenty, then, for true poetic genius to do, without rushing into the conflict of political polemics, and losing there its distinct and superior character.

One of the most distinct characteristics of German poetry since Goethe's day, is its tendency to political and practical themes. This is in pursuance of a great design; but is liable to great mistakes. In Goethe we have a universal, recipient, we might almost say passive character, opposed to everything distinct, individual, and exclusive. But Goethe was not right in his idea of the poet's vocation; and the times are proving the truth of our assertion. The character of German poetry as stamped by Goethe is neither creative nor progressive. It amuses itself with pictures of the past, but does not prepare pictures for the future. The *many-sidedness* of which the Germans speak, is often little better than an excuse for the want of everything like a vigorous and determined life of their own. Thus we see Goethe occupying his wide imagination with reproductions of old Northern legends, Greek dramas, Oriental ghazels, &c.; but we ask, which of these various classes of poetry would originally have arisen, but for another spirit, vigorous, creative, and progressive? There may be a time suited to a calm contemplation and catholic comprehension of the past; yet this is only half of the poet's duty: the other part is to produce new ideas required for the future. Was Goethe, then, a great creative writer? We cannot affirm it. A very interesting mind, in many points a remarkable man, still he was not a great poet, if our rules for measuring one are true.

The most remarkable change which has come over the spirit of German poetry, recently, is to be found in its political interest. But here, we think, great mistakes have been made by Young Germany. We would say to them, however grievous may be political corruptions, do not corrupt literature; however your liberty may be cramped elsewhere, maintain the liberty of true poetry, and do not degrade it to serve partizan purposes. Not that we would have you

return to Goethe and write old fables, as he reversed 'Reynard the Fox,' during the French Revolution; but if poetry connects itself with actual living interests, this should be done in its own pure style. If the poet is to do anything towards future progress, it must be done in his own way, not in the way of the politician or the preacher. The attempts of the political poets of Prussia are crude and hasty. What have they ready as a system to supply the place of the old system which they satirize? It is the new, rising, better system which should, as it grows, push away the antiquated one; for who would have even this merely blown down, as if by a hurricane, and leave nothing in its place? The standing system has its good qualities, and these should be met, not by the mere element of destruction, but by qualities, at least, as good and powerful in the new system. This should have its articles of faith, and its objects of devotion, as surely established as those in the old system—not so clearly revealed to all, for that cannot be the case; but still the soul of all its opposition to the outworn system should evidently be a soul of love to the older and better, and, therefore, newer and stronger system which is to be erected in its place. Viewed in this light, we cannot look upon the productions of these modern political poets with any great respect. Yet the rise of such a school may easily be accounted for. That the arbitrary institutions of Germany, apparently intended to keep the people children, have exercised a deleterious influence upon their literature, cannot be doubted. Whence the puerility, monotony, and vagueness of a great portion of it, but from the institutions which have discountenanced, and almost precluded earnestness and sincerity from practical life? How is it that their philosophy, with all its high flights, has done so little practically, but because, when it approaches practice, and would put off its scholastic dress to give the people its results, it becomes a matter to be regulated by the police. Thus we have mere theories of everything; because the region of philosophical theory is the only free region. Hence we have so many mere "*brot-gelehrten*," and small-minded officials instead of men. The highest and best faculties of the people have been kept in a state of somnambulism, by a timid and bigoted government. We must, therefore, partly excuse the political poets of Young Germany if, in the restricted state of their literature, they have made their verses vehicles for political squibs, and made songs out of materials more suitable for leading articles in their journals. But poetry should be positive and creative; should set forth good principles in life and action, not in mere hollow declamation about truth and liberty. The mind of the true poet should be so pervaded by positive truth, and so assured of its ultimate triumph, that he may keep his temper free from the dangerous malady of satire, and smile at the falsities around him, without losing the dignity and mastery of the poet in the passion of the politician and polemic.

The poet's work is reformative and progressive; but in its own style. He must take hold of those sound and permanent elements of the past and the present which are to be more clearly developed in the future, and, while he celebrates these, turn away, in silence, from the corrupt institutions which are unworthy of his attention. His very silence will contribute to their decay. We have frequently called for a renovation of poetry, in accordance, not with the temporary taste, but with the true necessities of the age in which we live. Of course we cannot write a recipe for it; but we must protest against receiving the Muse harnessed like "the Maid of Orleans," as the appointed prophetess for our

day. But perhaps we have made too long a comment on a very foolish text.

*Poems.* By Frances Anne Butler.

[Second Notice.]

It is evident to us that Mrs. Butler is indebted to Dante as well as to Shakspeare and Milton, for the tone and temper of her poetic development. The volume before us strangely and strongly reminds us of the stern, severe, and complete style which marks the lyrical and occasional verses of the great Italian bard. We recognize also, we say it with regret, the same melancholy and sorrowful spirit pervading and shadowing many of these poems. Minds that have been elevated by poetic associations are too apt to look upon that sorrow and suffering as a "fee grief" which is a "common" woe; and to resent that as an individual calamity, which is in fact the destiny of the race. Too much of this feeling perhaps is recognizable in the following verses:—

"Tis an Old Tale and often Told."

Are they indeed the bitterest tears we shed  
Those we let fall over the silent dead?  
Can our thoughts image forth no darker doom,  
Than that which wraps us in the peaceful tomb?  
Whom have ye laid beneath that mossy grave,  
Round which the slender, sunny grass-blades wave?  
Who are ye calling back to tread again  
This weary walk of life? towards whom, in vain,  
Are your fond eyes and yearning hearts upraised;  
The young, the loved, the honoured, and the praised?  
Come hither!—look upon the faded cheek  
Of that still woman, who with eyelids meet  
Veils her most mournful eyes:—upon her brow  
Sometimes the sensitive blood will faintly glow,  
When reckless hands her heart-words roughly tear,  
But patience offers hers palely there.  
Beauty has left her—hope and joy have long  
Fled from her heart, yet she is young, is young;  
Has many years as human tongues would tell,  
Upon the face of this blank earth to dwell.  
Looks she not sad? 'tis but a tale of old,  
Told o'er and o'er, and ever to be told,  
The hourly story of our every day,  
Which when men hear they sigh and turn away;  
A tale too trite almost to find an ear,  
A tale too common to deserve a tear.  
She is the daughter of a distant land;—  
Her kindred are far off;—her maiden hand,  
Sought for by many, was obtained by one  
Who owned a different birthland from her own,  
But what reck'd she of that? as low she knelt  
Breathing her marriage vows, her fond heart felt,  
"For thee, I give up country, home, and friends;  
Thy love for each, for all, shall make amends."  
And was she loved?—perishing by her side  
The children of her bosom drooped and died;  
The bitter life they drew from her cold breast  
Flicker'd and fail'd;—she laid them down to rest:  
Two pale young blossoms in their early sleep  
And weeping, said, "They have not lived to weep."  
And weeps she yet? no, to her weary eyes,  
The bills of tears her frozen heart denies;  
Complaint, or sigh, breathes not upon her lips,  
Her life is one dark, fatal deep eclipse.  
Lead her to the green grave where ye have laid  
The creature that ye mourn:—let it be said:  
"Here love, and youth, and beauty, are at rest!"  
She only sadly murmurs, "Blest!—most blest!"  
And turns from gazing, lest her misery  
Should make her sin, and pray to heav'n to die.

At other times, when the mournful truth is admitted as a general law, we are inclined to fear that it is received with rather too Promethean and rebellious a recognition. Take as an illustration—

*Lines on a Sleeping Child.*

Oh child! who to this evil world art come,  
Led by the unseen hand of him who guards thee,  
Welcome unto this dungeon-house, thy home!  
Welcome to all the wo this life awards thee!  
Upon thy forehead yet the badge of sin  
Hath worn no trace; thou look'st as tho' from heav'n,  
But pain, and guilt, and misery lie within;  
Poor exile! from thy happy birth-land driv'n.  
Thine eyes are sealed by the soft hand of sleep,  
And like unruffled waves thy slumber seem;  
The time's at hand when thou must wake to weep,  
Or sleeping, walk a restless world of dreams.  
How oft, as day by day life's burthen lies  
Heavier and darker on thy fainting soul,  
Wilt thou towards heaven turn thy weary eyes,  
And long in bitterness to reach the goal.  
How oft wilt thou, upon Time's flinty road,  
Gaze at thy far-off early days, in vain;  
Weeping, how oft wilt thou cast down thy load,  
And curse and pray, then take it up again.

How many times shall the fiend Hope, extend  
Her poisonous chalice to thy thirsty lips!  
How oft shall Love its withering sunshine lend,  
To leave thee only a more dark eclipse!

How oft shall Sorrow strain thee in her grasp,—  
How oft shall Sin laugh at thine overthrow—  
How oft shall Doubt, Despair, and Anguish clasp  
Their knotted arms around thine aching brow!

Oh, living soul, hail to thy narrow cage!  
Spirit of light, hail to thy gloomy cave!  
Welcome to longing youth, to loathing age,  
Welcome, immortal! welcome to the grave!

Similar feelings pervade an address "To a Star"—

Thou little star, that in the purple clouds  
Hang'st like a dew-drop, in a violet bed;  
First gem of evening, glittering on the shrouds,  
'Mid whose dark folds the day lies pale and dead,  
As thro' my tears my soul looks up to thee,  
Loathing the heavy chains that bind it here,  
There comes a fearful thought that misery  
Perhaps is found, even in thy distant sphere.  
Art thou a world of sorrow and of sin,  
The heritage of death, disease, decay;  
A wilderness, like that to wander in,  
Where all things fairest, soonest pass away;  
And are there graves in thee, thou radiant world,  
Round which life's sweetest buds fall withered,  
Where hope's bright wings in the dark earth lie furled,  
And living hearts are mouldering with the dead?  
Perchance they do not die, that dwell in thee,  
Perchance theirs is a darker doom than ours;  
Unchanging woe, and endless misery,  
And morning that hath neither days nor hours.  
Horrible dream!—O dark and dismal path,  
Where I now weeping walk, I will not leave thee.  
Earth has one boon for all her children—death:  
Open thy arms, oh mother! and receive me!  
Take off the bitter burthen from the slave,  
Give me my birth-right! give—the grave, the grave!

Other "Lines, in answer to a question," suggest, however, topics of consolation:—

I'll tell thee why this weary world mesemeth  
But as the visions light of one who dreameth,  
Which pass like clouds, leaving no trace behind;  
Why this strange life, so full of sin and folly,  
In me awakeneth no melancholy.  
Nor leaveth shade, or sadness, on my mind.  
'Tis not that with an undiscerning eye  
I see the pagan wild go dancing by,  
Mistaking that which falsest is, for true;  
'Tis not that pleasure hath entwined me,  
'Tis not that sorrow hath enshrined me;  
I bear no badge of roses or of rue,  
But in the inmost chambers of my soul  
There is another world, a blessed home,  
O'er which no living power's holdeth control,  
Angh to which ill things do never come.  
There shineth the glad sunlight of clear thought,  
With hope, and faith, holding communion high,  
Over a fragrant land with flow'rs ywrought,  
Where gush the living springs of poetry,  
There speak the voices that I love to hear,  
There smile the glances that I love to see.  
There live the forms of those my soul holds dear,  
For ever, in that secret world, with me.  
They who have walked with me along life's way,  
And sever'd been by fortune's adverse tide,  
Who ne'er again, thro' time's uncertain day,  
In weal or woe, may wander by my side;  
These all dwell here: nor these, whom life alone  
Divideth from me, but the dead, the dead;  
Those weary ones who to their rest are gone,  
Whose footprints from the earth have vanished;  
Here dwell they all: and here within this world,  
Like light within a summer sun cloud fur'd,  
My spirit dwells. Therefore, this evil life,  
With all its gilded snares, and fair deceivings,  
Its wealth, its wit, its pleasures, and its grievings,  
Nor frights, nor frets me, by its idle strife.  
O thou! who readest, of thy courtesy,  
Who'er thou art, I wish the same to thee!

The sonnet "To a Picture," is touched with the fervour and fancy of an Italian composition, though it is somewhat irregular in its structure:

Oh, serious eyes! how is it that the light,  
The burning rays, that mine pour into ye,  
Still find ye cold, and dead, and dark, as night—  
Oh, lifeless eyes! can ye not answer me?  
Oh, lips! whereon mine own so often dwell,  
Hath love's warm, fearful, thrilling touch, no spell  
To waken sense in ye?—oh misery!—  
Oh, breathless lips! can ye not speak to me?  
Thou soulless mimicry of life! my tears  
Fall scolding over thee; in vain, in vain;  
I press thee to my heart, whose hopes and fears,  
Are all thine own; thou dost not feel the strain.  
Oh, thou dull image! wilt thou not reply  
To my fond prayers, and wild idolatry?

"A Lament for the Wissahiccon," is a lyric on a local theme made to read a universal lesson:

*A Lament for the Wissahiccon.*

The waterfall is calling me  
With its merry gleesome flow,  
And the green boughs are beckoning me,  
To where the wild flowers grow:

I may not go, I may not go,  
To where the sunny waters flow,  
To where the wild wood flowers blow;

I must stay here  
In prison drear,  
Oh, heavy life, wear on, wear on,  
Would God that thou wert done!  
The busy mill-wheel round and round  
Goes turning, with its reckless sound,  
And o'er the dam the waters flow  
Into the foaming stream below,  
And deep and dark, away they glide,  
To meet the broad, bright river's tide:

And all the way  
They murmuring say:  
"Oh, child! why art thou far away?  
Come back into the sun, and stray  
Upon our mossy side!"

I may not go, I may not go,  
To where the gold green waters run,  
All shining, in the summer's sun,  
And leap from off the dam below  
Into a whirl of boiling snow,  
Laughing and shouting as they go;

I must stay here  
In prison drear,  
Oh, heavy life, wear on, wear on,  
Would God that thou wert done!

The soft spring wind goes passing by,  
Into the forests wide and cool:  
The clouds go trooping thro' the sky,  
To look down on some glassy pool;  
The sunshine makes the world rejoice,  
And all of them, with gentle voice,  
Call me away,  
With them to stay,

The blessed, livelong summer's day.

I may not go, I may not go,  
Where the sweet breathing spring winds blow,  
Nor where the silver clouds go by,  
Across the holy, deep blue sky,  
Nor where the sunbeams warm and bright,  
Comes down like a still shower of light;

I must stay here  
In prison drear,  
Oh, heavy life, wear on, wear on,  
Would God that thou wert done!  
Oh, that I were a thing with wings!  
A bird, that in a May-hedge sings!  
A lonely heather bell that swings!  
Upon some wild hill-side;  
Or even a silly, senseless stone,  
With dark, green, starry moss o'ergrown,  
Round which the waters glide.

However much the burthen and the mystery of the universe may press upon the soul of genius, its spirit is yet eminently and profoundly pious—

*An Evening Song.*

Good night, love!  
May heaven's brightest stars watch over thee!  
Good angels spread their wings, and cover thee!  
And thro' the night,  
So dark and still,  
Spirits of light  
Charm thee from ill!

My heart is hovering round thy dwelling-place,  
Good night, dear love! God bless thee with his grace!

Good night, love!  
Soft lullabies the night-wind sing to thee!  
And on its wings sweet odours bring to thee!  
And in thy dreaming  
May all things dear,  
With gentle seeming,  
Come smiling near!

My knees are bowed, my hands are clasped in prayer—  
Good night, dear love! God keep thee in his care!

And out of the depth of its religious wisdom, it is enabled to estimate aright the visionary and the transitory in this world of mere appearances and shadows:—

*Written after spending a Day at West Point.*

Were they but dreams? Upon the darkening world  
Evening comes down, the wings of fire are fur'd,  
On which the day soar'd to the sunny west:  
The moon sits calmly, like a soul at rest,  
Looking upon the never-resting earth;  
All things in heaven wait on the solemn birth  
Of night, but where has fled the happy dream  
That at this hour, last night, our life did seem?  
Where are the mountains with their tangled hair,  
The leafy hollow, and the rocky stair?  
Where are the shadows of the solemn hills,  
And the fresh music of the summer rills?  
Where are the wood-paths, winding, long, and steep,  
And the great, glorious river, broad and deep,  
And the thick copices, where soft breezes meet,  
And the wild torrent's snowy, leaping feet,  
The rustling, rocking boughs, the running streams,—  
Where are they all? gone, gone! were they but dreams?  
And where, oh where are the light footsteps gone,  
That from the mountain-side came dancing down?  
The voices full of mirth, the loving eyes,  
The happy hearts, the human paradise,  
The youth, the love, the life that revelled here,—  
Are they too gone?—Upon Time's shadowy bier,  
The pale, cold hours of joys now past are laid,  
Perhaps not soon from memory's gaze to fade,



But never to be reckoned o'er again,  
In all life's future store of bliss and pain.  
From the bright eyes the sunshine may depart,  
Youth flies—love dies—and from the joyous heart  
Hope's gushing fountain ebbs too soon away,  
Nor spares one drop for that disastrous day,  
When from the barren waste of after life,  
The weariness, the worldliness, the strife,  
The soul looks o'er the desert of its way  
To the green gardens of its early day;  
The paradise for which we vainly mourn,  
The heaven, to which our ling'ring eyes still turn,  
To which our footsteps never shall return.

Sorrow is knowledge; hear what it teaches—

Impromptu.

[Written among the ruins of the Sonnenberg.]

Thou who within thyself dost not behold  
Ruins as great as these, tho' not as old,  
Can'st scarce through life have travelled many a year,  
Or lack't the spirit of a pilgrim here.  
Youth hath its walls of strength, its towers of pride,  
Love its warm hearth-stones, hope its prospects wide,  
Life's fortress in thee held these one and all,  
And they have fallen to ruin, or shall fall.

Knowledge also is sorrow; understand there-  
from what humanity must suffer:—

Lines, addressed to the Young Gentlemen leaving the Academy  
at Lenox, Massachusetts.

Life is before ye—and while now ye stand  
Eager to spring upon the promised land,  
Fair smiles the way, where yet your feet have trod  
But few light steps, upon a flowery sod;  
Round ye are youth's green bow'rs, and to your eyes  
Th' horizon's line joins earth with the bright skies;  
Daring and triumph, pleasure, fame, and joy,  
Friendship unweaving, love without alloy,  
Brave thoughts of noble deeds, and glory won,  
Like angels, beckon ye to venture on.  
And if o'er the bright scene some shadows rise,  
Far off they seem, at hand the sunshine lies.  
The distant clouds which of ye pause to fear?  
Shall not a brightness gild them when more near?  
Dismay and doubt ye know not, for the pow'r  
Of youth is strong within ye at this hour,  
And the great mortal conflict seems to ye  
Not so much strife as certain victory—  
A glory ending in eternity.

Life is before ye—oh! if ye could look  
Into the secrets of that sealed book,  
Strong as ye are in youth, and hope, and faith,  
Ye should sink down, and falter, "Give us death!"  
Could the dread Sphinx's lips but once disclose,  
And utter but a whisper of the woes  
Which must o'er take ye, in your lifelong doom,  
Well might ye cry, "Our cradle be our tomb!"  
Could ye foresee your spirit's broken wings,  
Earth's brightest triumphs what despised things,  
Friendship how feeble, love how fierce a flame,  
Your joy half sorrow, half your glory shame,  
Hollowness, weariness, and, worst of all,  
Self-scorn that pities not its own deep fall,  
Fast gathering darkness, and fast waning light,  
Oh could ye see it all, ye might, ye might,  
Cover in the dust, unequal to the strife,  
And die, but in beholding what is life.

Life is before ye—from the fated road  
Ye cannot turn: then take ye up your load.  
Not yours to trend, or leave the unknown way,  
Ye must go o'er it, meet ye what ye may,  
Gird up your souls within ye to the deed,  
Angels, and fellow-spirits, bid ye speed!  
What tho' the brightness dim, the pleasure fade,  
The glory wane,—oh! not of these is made  
The awful life that to your trust is given.  
Children of God! inheritors of Heaven!  
Mourn not the perishing of each fair toy,  
Ye were ordained to do, not to enjoy.  
To suffer, which is nobler than to dare;  
A sacred burthen is this life ye bear,  
Look on it, lift it, bear it solemnly,  
Stand up and walk beneath it steadfastly;  
Fail not for sorrow, falter not for sin,  
But onward, upward, till the goal ye win;  
God guard ye, and God guide ye on your way,  
Young pilgrim warriors who set forth to-day.

Having obeyed such teaching, and experienced  
such destiny, Mrs. Butler has at length earned  
the right to enforce this admonition:—

Struggle not with thy life!—the heavy doom  
Resist not, it will bow thee like a slave:  
Strive not! thou shalt not conquer; to thy tomb  
Thou shalt go crush'd, and ground, tho' ne'er so brave.  
Complain not of thy life!—for what art thou  
More than thy fellows, that thou shouldst not weep?  
Brave thoughts still lodge beneath a furrow'd brow,  
And the way-wearied have the sweetest sleep.  
Marvel not at thy life!—patience shall see  
The perfect work of wisdom to her giv'n;  
Hold fast thy soul thro' this high mystery,  
And it shall lead thee to the gates of heaven.

We have now quoted enough to show the lofty  
and intellectual attributes of the Poetess. After  
all, however, it is not the specific merit of these  
occasional pieces that attracts us, but the indica-  
tion that they give of powers, which, under

proper discipline, are capable of yet better  
things; for we are not blind to the faults or  
deficiencies of the present productions, but ac-  
cept them as earnest of richer treasures to be  
found in the mine from which they have been  
taken, and, we hope, yet to be presented to the  
public, with all the finish and elaboration of  
which they are worthy.

What does 'Hamlet' mean? a Lecture. By  
T. Wade. Jersey. London, Miller.

THIS Lecture was delivered at the Jersey Me-  
chanics' Institute, by a poet who has claims to re-  
spect (see *Athen.* Nos. 415, 416, 598), and whose  
opinion of 'Hamlet' therefore merits considera-  
tion. According to Mr. Wade, the mystery of  
death and of the universe is the source of the  
princely Dane's perplexity—a burthen of mind  
induced by his education at Wittenberg, under  
the paralyzing sense of which, though sur-  
rounded by all motives of action, he writhes  
through a life of inaction, fulfils his vocation by  
chance, and perishes under the circumstances  
attendant upon the act of its impulsive fulfil-  
ment—an act which, in the very mode of its  
achievement, "loses the name of action." Mr.  
Wade illustrates his position by instances of  
Hamlet's contemplative irresolutions, sometimes  
we think supersubtly argued. The "pale  
cast" of his thought has to Hamlet, in Mr.  
Wade's opinion, "sickled o'er" the universe,  
and rendered the entire world of action one  
cloudy and inexplicable riddle. Hence the duty  
enjoined by his father's spirit is merely an in-  
terruption to his meditative bent, and indeed  
resented, as an interference with his studious  
habits—*c. g.*

"The arrival of some players being then announced  
to him by these his 'excellent good friends,' he  
jumps at the circumstance with all the avidity of a  
child at a new toy, exhibited to it as an attraction  
from a fit of the sulks. That part of the tragedy, or  
farce, of life in which he is most interested, if in-  
terested in anything, immediately occurs to him:—'He  
that plays the king, shall be welcome: his Majesty  
shall have tribute of me.' And now we find that the  
affairs of the theatre have been to Hamlet much more  
real and definable matter than those of state. These  
implied and called for personal action, and bewildered  
him; those, personal thought merely, and so fell in  
with his idiosyncrasy. No theatrical manager, no  
actor, no 'green-room' gossip, could show himself  
more versed in the events and politics of the theatre  
than does the Danish Prince. Moreover, they ex-  
plain to him those of Denmark; or, rather, those of  
Denmark explain to him those of the theatre. 'It  
is not very strange,' to him, that 'the boys' should  
'carry it away.' 'Hercules and his load too'—  
against 'the tragedians of the city'; 'for his uncle is  
king of Denmark'; and those that would make  
mouths at that uncle whilst his father lived, 'give  
twenty, forty, fifty, a hundred ducats a-piece, for his  
picture in little.' O, Prince Hamlet will think and  
talk, and talk and think, as long and as fast as you  
please; but 'an act hath three branches,' as his  
gossip, the Grave-digger, says,—to act, to do, and to  
perform,—and in no one of these is the Lord Hamlet  
an especial practitioner. The coming of the players  
is a most auspicious event to him. He determines  
to make them the means of testing whether the spirit  
which he had seen were indeed his father's ghost, or  
only some demon that, having power 'to assume a  
pleasing shape,' and being 'very potent' with such  
weak and melancholy fellows as himself, is purposed  
to deceive him, for the truly fiendish object of his  
damnation. With this ingenious self-wrought virtual  
excuse for continued passiveness, he assures himself  
of being, if needful, on the very verge of achieve-  
ment:—

"I'll have these players  
Play something like the murder of my father,  
Before mine uncle: I'll observe his looks;  
I'll tent him to the quick: if he but blench,  
I know my course."

Well; the players do play 'something like the  
murder of his father,' before his uncle, in which is

introduced 'a speech of some dozen or sixteen lines,'  
written, 'for the nonce,' by, apparently, Hamlet him-  
self, and for the correct delivery of which he gives  
the most elaborate critical instructions—instructions  
which prove him to have been admirably qualified  
for the situation of stage-manager in the Elsinore, or  
any other, 'theatre royal': he does observe his uncle's  
looks; and, as if to make 'assurance doubly sure,'  
employs his friend Horatio, 'even with the very com-  
ment of his soul,' to note them too: King Claudius  
does 'blench': his 'occulted guilt' 'unkennels itself' at  
the speech of which Hamlet may be presumed to be  
the author—it 'tents him to the quick'—And what  
does Hamlet? what is his 'course'? what, but, as it  
were, to continue the action of the 'got up' dra-  
matic exhibition, and rant as loudly and lustily as  
any 'harlotry player' of them all! He may well ask  
Horatio if this excellent performance of his, 'and a  
forest of feathers, should the rest of his fortunes turn  
Turk with him,' would not 'get him a fellowship in  
a cry of players.' As an actor, Hamlet would have  
done exceedingly well in the world: he would have  
acted action inimitably. The prince has now no  
doubt of his uncle's guilt: the play has been 'the  
thing': the king's conscience has been caught in that  
'mousetrap': he will 'take the ghost's word for a  
thousand pound'—so, he calls for music, and valiantly  
concludes,

'For if the king like not the comedy,  
Why, then, belike—he likes it not, perdy!'

Then, after soundly lecturing Rosencrantz and Guil-  
denstern for their 'going about to recover the wind  
of him,' and ascertaining, by the convenient means  
of a cloud, that Polonius is in a conspiracy with the  
rest of the court to 'fool him to the top of his bent,'  
he finds himself alone, and in, as he observes,

'—The very witching time of night,  
When churchyards yawn, and hell itself breathes out  
Contagion to this world.'

This thought of churchyards and the place to which  
they are supposed often to lead, puts him, he assures  
us, into the very mood in which we might expect him  
to go straight to the performance of his vow:—

'—Now could I drink hot blood,  
And do such bitter business as the day  
Would quake to look on.'

And in this terrible state of mind he neither attempts  
to 'drink hot blood,' either by mouth or by sword,  
nor to do any 'bitter business' calculated to frighten  
daylight; but—goes, very dutifully, to talk to his  
mother, who has sent for him!

In the same style, the lecturer proceeds with state  
the other incidents, and draws the obvious  
enough inferences. Of these he finds a strong  
corroboration in the following circumstance:—

"Between his killing of Polonius and his embark-  
ation for England, we see the master feeling of  
Hamlet weighing down his spirit to the dust. The  
queen has seen him weeping, as she interprets his  
tears, for the death of Polonius—

'O'er whom his very madness, like some ore  
Among a mineral of metals base,  
Shows itself pure: he weeps for what is done.'

No; Hamlet's weeping was at the visible confirma-  
tion before him of the continuous thought—result of  
all his earthly contemplations of mortality—not at  
the old man's death. The mother fathoms not the  
soul of her son. Having 'safely stowed' the body,  
he meets Rosencrantz and Guildenstern, to whose  
inquiries after it, he answers, that he has 'compounded  
it with dust, whereto 'tis kin'; he diverts himself  
with some biting sarcasms at the expense of the Cour-  
tiers, and bewilders them with his deep-meaning buf-  
foonery. \* \* In his ensuing interview with the King,  
he gloats almost to loathsomeness upon the visible  
horrors of mortality; upon the doom that awaits  
us all:—

'King. Now, Hamlet, where's Polonius?

'Hamlet. At supper.

'King. At supper? Where?

'Hamlet. Not where he eats; but where he is  
eaten: a certain convocation of politic worms are e'en  
at him. Your worm is your only emperor for diet:  
we fit all creatures else, to fat us; and we fat our-  
selves for maggots: your fat king and your lean beg-  
gar is but variable service; two dishes, but to one  
table—that's the end. \* \*

'King. Where is Polonius?

'Hamlet. In heaven; send thither to see: if

your messenger find him not there, seek him in the other place yourself! But, indeed, if you find him not within this month, you shall nose him as you go up the stairs into the lobby.

'King. Go, seek him there!

'Hamlet. He will stay till you come.'

This is fearful jesting. A sense of the nothingness of all human things, a feeling of the inevitable grave, is ever present in the soul of Hamlet."

The following remark is ingenious:—

"And here we must pause a moment, to reflect upon this singular fact in Hamlet's physical history.

'He's fat and scant o' breath.'

Alas! how must 'Hamlet, the Dane,' have degenerated—he who once possessed

'The courtier's, soldier's, scholar's eye, tongue, sword.'

How weather-spotted, this 'rose of the fair state!' How flawed and disfigured, this 'glass of fashion!' this 'mould of form!' this 'observed of all observers!' this 'unmatch'd form and feature' of full-flowered youth!—Now—name it not in the high places of idealism and romance! now, at but thirty years old,

'Fat and scant o' breath!'

We have heard Hamlet 'tracing the noble dust of Alexander till he found it stopping a beer-barrel,' and we may as 'too curiously' and debasingly trace the noble form of Hamlet till we find it aldermanic and asthmatic! as thus—Hamlet ate, Hamlet drank, Hamlet was buried in inaction—and so forth. The 'heavy-headed revels,' to the 'manner' of which he describes himself as being 'born,' coupled with his constitutional inactivity,

'Takes

From his achievements, tho' perform'd at height,

The pith and marrow of his attribute—

and so metamorphoses his once symmetric person, that his own mother does not scruple to stigmatise it as

'Fat, and scant o' breath!'

'Quite, quite down!' indeed."

The scene with the Grave-digger is also adduced, to show that an ever-present sense of man's mortality haunts the philosophic prince.

As a one-sided and clever exposition of Hamlet's character, this pamphlet deserves perusal; and, incidentally, it lets in light from the peculiar point of view taken, which leads to original reflection, that may be of use in a less exclusive judgment of the wonderful drama to which it relates.

#### OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

*Evenings of a Working Man: being the occupation of his scanty leisure*, by John Overs. With a preface relative to the author, by Charles Dickens.—Every reader of books, and lover of his kind, (gladly would we hope that there is a necessary union between the characters!) must cordially respond to the manly preface, in which our popular novelist introduces a humbler brother-craftsman to the notice of the public. Mr. Dickens disdains all those sickly appeals to sympathy and "gentle construction" on the score of circumstance; he claims no prodigious merit for the prose and verse of Mr. Overs, though it is superior to much of its class—but he simply states, that "the Working Man," who is a carpenter, became known to him at the moment when he was relinquishing the editorship of a periodical—that since that period neither hammer nor plane nor chisel have been laid aside, for the more enticing service of the pen—that literary compositions have neither seduced John Overs into dreams nor lamentations which have damaged his peace of mind: and that the present miscellany sees the light, in the hope of a small sum of money being thereby raised to meet the difficulties which ill-health have brought on the author. We trust that these facts will suffice: yet those who, even while doing kind offices, like to have their money's worth for their money, may be further disposed to do their part, on being told that the prose and verse here gathered, is really of good quality, easy in style, or picturesque and varied in matter.

*The Seven Penitential Psalms in Verse, being Specimens of a New Version of the Psalter, &c.*, by Mr. Montagu.—Twelve months since, we had occasion to examine Mr. Holland's carefully-collected and in-

teresting 'Psalms of Britain' (*Athen.* Nos. 829, 830). Here we have a work belonging to the same class, with a historical preface and historical notes,—less in extent, but greater in pretension. Whereas Mr. Holland merely selected and mostly admired (for his animadversions were always gentle and tolerant), Mr. Montagu aspires to remodel. A projected new version implies that Sternhold and Hopkins are uncouthly quaint, and Tate and Brady meagrely prosaic. Our aspirant, too, explicitly courts close examination in his preface: he comes before the public, we are there told, "entirely on my own merits, such as they are"; and all he asks is "a fair trial, a patient hearing, a candid comparison with others." Hence, he must not be aggrieved to be told, in friendly sincerity, that his specimens curiously combine the faulty characteristics of the Old and of the New Versions. Whatever music he may have in his soul, there is little in his rhyme; whatever simplicity of heart he may have brought to his arduous task, it does not appear in his language. In the second verse of his very first specimen, we encounter an affectation of expression, which recalls to us some of Mr. Sheridan Knowles's courageous "takings for granted" in the way of omission and condensation:—

My soul also is troubled sore,

Nor knows where comfort seek.

Nor need we go further, in proof of the absence of lyrical instincts, than the fifth verse of the same Psalm:—

I'm worn with groaning; nought upcheers:

By night as day still shed

My couch I water with my tears, &c.

The transposition in the two last lines would render the stanza, when sung, unintelligible, even if "upcheers" (a superfluity not to be found in David's verse) be allowed to pass. Similar examples are to be found on every page; we shall add one or two:—

For in me fast Thine arrows stick,

And hand me presses sore.

For my e'er-groaning's voice, my bones

Unto my skin do cleave.

The last we shall give is as notable an instance of want of ear as we recollect:—

The Lord the sinner frees,

He will deliver him;

And from all their iniquities

He Israel will redeem.

The versionizer of the Psalms should have the free use of his own mother tongue—should have studied the flow of the noble and affecting language of Scripture—should possess some sense of tune and cadence. Our extracts will be sufficient testimony to the amount of Mr. Montagu's accomplishment in these essentials.

*Historical Essay on the Early Progress of Life Contingencies*, by Edwin James Farren.—This, and Mr. Milne's historical account in the 'Encyclopædia Britannica,' are the only ones of which we know that treat the subject at any length. But Mr. Farren has devoted his attention to the period which ends with the establishment of the Equitable Society. Both Mr. Milne and Mr. Farren are actual readers of the works which they cite; and a writer on the history of science, whose work does not make this evident to begin with, ought not to be considered as making anything else evident. Our result, after reading Mr. Farren's work, is a hope that he will not unloose his hold of the subject: he has made an excellent beginning.

*A Course of English Reading, with Anecdotes of Men of Genius*, by the Rev. J. Pycroft.—Designed to recommend, if we rightly understand it, the study of convenient epitomes before attempting the deliberate perusal of the larger works in history, philosophy, religion, biography, and other branches of knowledge, and then only so much as inclination may suggest. There is sound advice in many parts of this book; but there is also some flippancy, particularly where the author aims at artistic and poetical criticism. We sincerely counsel him to revise this part of his labours. With this exception, the book is of unquestionable utility.

*Thoughts on Habit and Discipline*.—A nicely written book, on a subject the course of argument in which is plain and easy enough. Its tone is decidedly religious; but its method is philosophical, while its style is popular. The author, however, has not depended on any powers of original thinking even on

so obvious a theme; but keeps his authorities ever in his eye, and aims at nothing more than presenting their data and conclusions in plainer language and an easier order of arrangement. As a compilation of the kind implied, it is one of the best that we have recently seen.

*The Art of Land Surveying*, by John Quesled.—A little book, "which, being placed in the hands of schoolboys, who are to follow the business of farmers, may enable them to do all that is needful on the farm." So says the preface: and as far as we have examined, the book answers, and answers well, to the description.

*List of New Books*.—Naomi; or the Last Days of Jerusalem, by Mrs. J. B. Webb, 3rd edit. 8vo. 7s. 6d. cl.—The Morning Exercises at Cripplegate, Vol. III., 8vo. 12s. cl.—The Ancient Liturgy of the Church of England, by Rev. W. Maskell, 8vo. 9s. 6d. cl.—Rebecca Nathan; or a Daughter of Israel, 16mo. 5s. cl.—Harrington (Rev. E. C.) on the Rite of Consecration of Churches, 8vo. 7s. cl.—Newman's (Rev. J. H.) Sermons before the University of Oxford, 2nd edit. 8vo. 9s. 6d. bds.—Jarman and Bythewood's Conveyancing, (Sweet,) Vol. IX., containing Titles, Purchase Deeds, and Releases, royal 8vo. 12. 10s. bds.—Rambles in Germany and Italy, by Mrs. Shelley, 2 vols. post 8vo. 12. 1s. cl.—Memoirs of Eminent Englishwomen, by Miss Louisa Stuart Costello, Vols. III. and IV., 8vo. 12. 10s. cl.—A Yacht Voyage to Texas, by Mrs. Houston, 2 vols. post 8vo. 12. 1s. cl.—A Winter in Italy, by Mrs. Ashton Yates, 2 vols. post 8vo. 12. 1s. cl.—Hawker's Instructions to Young Sportsmen, 2nd edit. 8vo. 12. 1s. cl.—Encyclopædia Metropolitana, 'Mixed Sciences,' Vol. V., 4to. 4l. 4s. cl.; ditto, 'Miscellaneous,' Vol. XII., 4to. 4l. 4s. 6d. cl.—Chambers's Cyclopædia of English Literature, 2 vols. royal 8vo. 14s. cl.—The Scientific Phenomena of Domestic Life, 18mo. 1s. 6d. cl.—Walks in the Country, by Lord Leigh, 12mo. 5s. cl.—Memorials of Many Scenes, by R. M. Milnes, 12mo. 5s. bds.—The Alpaca, its Naturalization in the British Isles, &c., by W. Walton, 12mo. 4s. 6d. cl.—The Jilt, a Novel, in 3 vols. post 8vo. 12. 11s. 6d. bds.—The Illuminated Ladies' Book of Useful and Ornamental Needlework, by Mrs. Owen, 12mo. 9s. cl.—Sequel to Wood's Homoeopathy Unmasked, 12mo. 1s. 6d. swd.—The Bachelor's Own Book, by G. Cruikshank, oblong, 5s. swd.—Home, by Miss Sedgwick, new edit., 32mo. 2s. cl.—The Mother's Primer, by Mrs. Felix Summerly, square, 1s. bd.

#### OUR WEEKLY GOSSIP.

THE long series of conflicting evidence respecting the fate of poor Stoddart and Conolly is, at length, brought to a close; and the generous exertions of Captain Grover and the noble devotion of Dr. Wolff have been in vain, save for the melancholy certainty which they have obtained. Those gallant officers have been two years in their graves, as a letter from the Doctor to Captain Grover—written under the eye of the Bokharan ministers, and therefore confined to mere facts—announces. Nevertheless, though failing of the immediate effect which was hoped (or rather desired) from it, this mission will not have been without its use. Cases like this, and that of the expedition sent out in search of Captain Ross, are encouraging assurances to men engaged in perilous duties beyond the influences of our customary civilization (and the ready resources which it commands) that they will not be forgotten by their country, nor left to perish for want of such saving aid as she can extend; and it is another consequence, perhaps almost as important, that so many of these eastern despots, who do not rate citizen-life after our figures, have learnt, in the progress of the steps taken for the redemption of these unfortunate officers, the price which England puts upon the lives of her subjects, and the deep responsibility she avows towards those engaged in her special service. The King of Bokhara would have, probably, paused, with the documents now in his hands, ere he executed our unhappy countrymen. The following is Dr. Wolff's letter:—

I write this letter in the house of Noyeb Samet Khan, the chief of the Artillery and the Arsenal of His Majesty the King of Bokhara, a sincere friend of the British nation, but in the presence also of His Majesty the Amerr's Mahram (private chamberlain); and I write this letter officially, by order of the King of Bokhara, to whom I give a translation of the letter, and, therefore, confine myself to the most necessary topics, without comment, and without observation.

On the 29th of April, the King stated to me, by the medium of the above-named Noyeb, and in the presence of Mullah Kasem, the King's Mahram (private chamberlain), that he had put to death, in the month of Sarrain, 1299 (July 1849), Colonel Stoddart and Captain Conolly.

The first had been put to death:—

1. On account of his having treated Royalty with the greatest disrespect, on different occasions.

2. That he had turned Mussulman, and then returned to the Christian faith.

3. That he had promised to get letters from England in four months, by which he would be acknowledged Ambassador from England, and four months had elapsed without receiving any answer, though the King had erected Japar-khans (post-houses) on his account; and with regard



to Conolly, that he had been put to death for having induced the Khans of Khiva and Kokan to wage war against the King of Bokhara, &c.

His Majesty has given me permission to leave Bokhara on the 8th of May, Friday next. From Meshed I will write everything more fully.

JOSPH WOLFE.

Although not yet formally opened to the public, the New Exeter Change is completed in all except the mere fitting up of the shops, and perhaps can be better judged of as regards design and decoration in its present state, than when it comes to be occupied. It will, we think, take the public by surprise, for there is nothing whatever externally to give indication of there being any "passage" through that block of houses, much less one fitted up in the style there displayed. Young Exeter is as coquettish, as poor old Exeter was dismal and dowdy, to such degree, that in point of decoration, if not of architectural style, it quite eclipses the Lowther Arcade, which it will now cause to look rather plain in comparison with its own polychromatic embellishment. In this latter respect it must be admitted to be an improvement on the similar "gallery of shops" in the Strand, and although the ornamental paintings may not be quite satisfactory when critically examined, the ensemble is both striking and pleasing in effect. Quite as much has been accomplished as could be expected, in fact very much more, for the architect has not only made much of a very limited space, but has shown a considerable degree of fancy and contrivance in so overcoming the awkwardness of site, as effectually to conceal the obliquity of his plan, by introducing two features into it, which occasion much picturesque play and variety, namely, the two polygonal lobbies (the one a hexagon, the other heptagon) at its ends. To some of the architectural details we might object, especially to those of the shop-fronts, which are of too plain and too ordinary design to accord with the style of decoration adopted; and whose narrow, shelf-like cornices produce an expression of meanness, that might have been avoided, if in no other way, by omitting them altogether. However, we are so well satisfied, upon the whole, with what Mr. Sidney Smirke has here done, that we will not carp at minor blemishes.

The Committee appointed to inspect and report on works of decorative art, as applicable to the New Houses of Parliament, have recommended the specimens of ornamental metal-work sent in by Messrs. Messenger and Sons, of Birmingham, Messrs. Bramah & Co., and Mr. Abbott. In the department of wood-carving the artists specially noticed are Mr. Cummings, Mr. Ollett, Mr. Ringham, Mr. Freeman, Mr. Browne, and Mr. John Thomas. The Committee add, that "among the artists in wood, Mr. Rogers did not comply with the terms announced in the notice put forth by the Commission, and his name has, therefore, not been inserted in the foregoing list. It is, however, the opinion of the Committee, that among the carvers whose works have been exhibited he holds the first place; and they consider him as the person best qualified to be intrusted with those parts of the woodwork of the House of Lords in which great richness of effect and delicacy of execution are required." In a significant postscript, the Committee observe:—"The Commissioners having had reason to suppose that some of the persons who have exhibited works of decorative art may have employed other hands, or even the assistance of foreigners, in the execution of such works, have resolved that those persons who may be selected for employment in those branches of decoration shall, if the Commissioners think fit, be required to produce specimens of their art, to be completed under such conditions as the Commissioners may think necessary."

The first part of the Xanthian Marbles, selected by Mr. Fellows and his party, have reached the British Museum, from Portsmouth, in twenty large cases, including casts. These cases are now being opened, under the direction of Mr. Hawkins; and the marbles will be ultimately placed in the Western wing, now building, but not expected to be completed for twelve months to come. The most magnificent of the Xanthian remains—the Horse and the Chimæra Tomb—were left on the ground, in consequence of their great weight; but are supposed to be, now, with some other monuments of ancient art, on their way to England.

It is with deep regret, that we announce the sudden

death, at Manchester, on the morning of Saturday last, of the celebrated chemist and founder of the atomic theory, Dr. Dalton, in the seventy-eighth year of his age. He had been, it is stated, in good health, comparatively, a few minutes only before his decease.

Considerable dissatisfaction is felt at Bristol as to the proposed erection of the monument to Southey in the Cathedral; and it is thought by some that College Green would be the more fitting locality. Mr. W. S. Landor has written on the subject a letter to the editor of the *Great Western Advertiser*, which we think worthy of republication.

Bath, July 25th, 1844.

I delay not an instant to acknowledge your courtesy in sending me the *Great Western Advertiser*, dated Saturday, July 20th, 1844, and containing the notice of a Meeting held to consider about a monument to the memory of Southey. In my opinion your remarks on Mr. Bailly's design are just. Among the many who have done honour to your city as their birth-place, Mr. Bailly occupies almost the highest station. In this design, however, he has fallen into the same error as Canova fell into regarding the monument of Alfieri, in the church of Santa Croce, at Florence. They resemble one another, and are the very worst ideas of the two great masters. Mr. Bailly is classical; but Mr. B. must recollect that neither mural nor other monuments of the dead ever were seen in the temples of Greece or Rome. If the Christian religion was tolerant of this profanation, it was from motives neither slight nor unholly: it was to protect her defenders from outrage in their last home, and to excite at once the piety and the courage of their fellow worshippers. It was continued for profit and perquisite. The Crusaders, and others who bore arms at home, lie recumbent under the images of their intercessors, and express, in their placid countenances, no sentiment but devotion. Everything about them bears one character. I was the first, I believe, to express my opinion publicly; that there should be neither burials nor monuments in churches. At the same time I proposed that the images of great men should adorn the public walks of our cities. Such is our climate, that we cannot walk among them frequently in the open air. But why not build ample and well lighted arcades for their reception? Naval worthies might rest upon rostra, just higher than our heads, and not upon columns where only the jack-daws can see them. Generals of armies should have equestrian statues; poets, philosophers and historians (whenever we have any), may rest on single plinths; and theirs be only busts. No inscription for any. It is singular that Southey, when we were walking for the last time together, should have conversed with me on the subject of his monument. He was then in perfect health. We walked in College Green; and I said to him, "Twenty years hence, perhaps, workmen may be busy on this very spot in putting up your statue." He replied, "If ever I have one, I would wish it to be here."

I am, &c. W. S. LANDOR.

Mr. Bailly, R.A. has, we learn, completed the model for the marble statue of the late Duke of Sussex, intended to be erected in the great hall of the Freemasons, in Great Queen Street. It represents the late Grand Master of the Brethren, with the decorations of the Garter and the Bath, and in the robes of a knight. The figure is of the heroic size, standing about seven feet and a half in height. Newspaper paragraphs bestow high praise on the work: our opinion we shall reserve until we have an opportunity of founding it on inspection.

The Committee appointed by the House of Commons to inquire into the present state of Westminster Bridge, and into the expediency of continuing the repairs, or of erecting a new bridge, &c., have reported—"That on a review of the whole of the evidence, no case has been made out to justify the Committee in recommending to the House the pulling down the present bridge and the constructing a new one. That it is desirable that the inclination of the roadway over the bridge be improved, by lowering its summit and raising its extremities. That the parapets of the bridge be lowered as much as is practicable and consistent with safety."

We have so frequently stated our conviction that Association is the prevailing principle of the present age, that we have nothing left but to record the corroborations of the truth which are constantly occurring. We have now before us a 'Proposal for establishing a College of Chemistry, for promoting the science, and its application to Agriculture, Arts, Manufactures and Medicine.' The provisional council is rich in noble, parliamentary and learned names; and from the commercial character of our country, the success of such an Institution may be reasonably predicated. The proposed College will, it is stated, "be mainly devoted to PURE SCIENCE; at the same time, to meet the exigencies of this country, and to adopt the latest improvements in the continental schools, an appendage will be provided devoted to the Economic Arts, where inquiries relating to Pharmacy, Agriculture, and other arts may be

pursued. Thus it will be adapted to all classes of students."

Mr. John Dickenson, of Abbott's Hill, Hertfordshire, a man as remarkable for his liberality as for his spirit and enterprise, has, we hear, given a plot of ground, of about three acres in extent, situated on his estate, to the Booksellers' Provident Retreat. The ground lies between King's Langley and Abbott's Langley; and is said to be admirably located for the houses which the managing committee of this body intend to build for decayed booksellers, their widows and assistants.

The sale of the first or "theological" part of the library of the late Duke of Sussex concluded on Saturday last; the total amount of the twenty-four days was 8,308*l.* The British Museum will benefit by the sale—more than 2,000 volumes having been purchased for that institution. They consist of editions of the Scriptures in various languages, and criticism on the text; also the Fathers of the Church, and other theological writers. On Wednesday, Messrs. Evans commenced the sale of the second portion, the collection of MSS., which will close this day.

We are glad to report, that the gentlemen connected with the Haymarket Theatre—authors and actors—have combined to present the lessee, Mr. Webster, with a testimonial (in the form of an elegant epergne) of their esteem for his private and professional worth. Mr. Webster has not obtained such results as he was fairly entitled to expect, from a very spirited effort of his in the cause of modern national drama; and we enter cordially into the feeling of the measure, whose object it is to lighten his disappointment, by the expression, on the part of those to whom he is best known, of their sense that he had deserved it.

We learn from Alexandria, that the Mission of Prussian Savans, under Dr. Lepsius, was expected back at Thebes, in September.

From Paris, we learn that the annual meeting of the Geological Society of France will be held this year at Chambéry, in Savoy; with a view to the particular interest which the neighbourhood of that town offers for such studies as those for which its members are associated. We learn, too, that the Amsterdam Academy of the Fine Arts is about to have an exhibition this year, from the 23rd September to the 21st October, and has written to the French Academy, earnestly soliciting the co-operation of the French artists, by the contribution of their works. From the same capital, we hear that, in addition to the bust which, as we announced, the town of Besançon had voted, in honour of its distinguished citizen, Charles Nodier, the friends of that graceful writer have determined to erect a monument to his memory, and a committee has been appointed to carry the design into execution.—The works and decorations at the Hotel de Ville, in the same capital, are approaching to their close; and of the twelve statues ordered to front the Place, ten are now finished. The completed statues are those of Mansard, by M. Faugnet; Guillaume Budé, by M. Brian, the elder; Michel Laillier, by M. Antoine Moine; M. Frochot, by M. Desprez; Rollin, by M. Caillouet; the Abbé de l'Épée, by M. Prault; Vincent de Paul, by M. Ramus; Mathieu Molé, by M. Droz; Jean de la Vacquerie, by M. Auvray; and Jean Aubry, by M. Gayard. The two remaining statues, not yet finished, are those of Robert Etienne, by M. Lescomé, and M. Voyer d'Argenson, by M. Walcher.

A curious instance of Austrian intolerance (amounting to the absurd) and Tuscan subservience has just occurred in Florence. A noble Florentine, Count Masetti, anxious to save it from the ravages of time and the vandalism of speculators, purchased the house, on the Lung' Arno, in which Alfieri lived and died, and placed over the gate, on a white marble slab, the following inscription:—"Vittorio Alfieri, principe dell' Italiana tragedia, per la gloria e rigenerazione d'Italia qui detto e qui morì." ("Here Victor Alfieri, the prince of Italian tragedy, for the glory and regeneration of Italy, wrote and died.") There was nothing very alarming in this monumental record; the censorship gave its *vise*, and the prefect of police his *exequatur*. The inscription had been uncovered, for several days; when lo! the Austrian Chargé d'Affaires, at Florence, took exception to it, in the name of his imperial master. At first it was believed, by the

Tuscan government, that he *could not* be serious; but despatches from Vienna came, in determined approval of his ministerial sensitiveness. Protest was in vain, on the Count's part,—as were lampoon, pasquinade and epigram, with which the city was inundated, on that of the public. The authorities were obliged to yield,—and the inscription was removed, in the name of Austria!

Our French neighbours have, this week, been celebrating the festival of their July revolution, with more than usual splendour. A remarkable feature of its pageantry has been the illumination, on the 29th, of the grand avenue of the Champs Elysées. This illumination, in lines extending from the horses of Marly to the fountain of the Rond Point, represented, on the right hand and the left, two palaces of coloured fires. Each of these palaces had a hundred and twenty arcades,—six large ones, in each centre, forming a portico. From the Rond Point to the Barrière de l'Etoile, on each side, were arranged 16 large triangular pyramids, also of variegated lamps; and forty enormous chandeliers overhung the path. For the simultaneous lighting of these marvels, an army of 1,300 lamplighters had been organized, in brigades and half-brigades,—with leaders and signals to direct their operations to an instant and fairy-like effect.

*Will shortly be closed.*

THE TENTH ANNUAL EXHIBITION OF THE NEW SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN WATER COLOURS IS NOW OPEN at their Gallery, FIFTY-THREE, PAUL MALL, next the British Institution, from 5 o'clock till dusk. Admission 1s.; Catalogue 6d.

JAMES FAHEY, Secretary.

GREAT ATTRACTION.—DIORAMA, REGENT'S PARK. NOW OPEN, with a NEW EXHIBITION, representing the Interior of the Abbey Church of St. Owen, at Rouen; and an Exterior View of the Cathedral of Notre Dame at Paris. Both Pictures are painted by M. Renoux, and exhibit various novel effects of light and shade.—Open from Ten till Six.

CAPTAIN WARNER'S EXPERIMENT.—In consequence of the DESTRUCTIVE EXPLOSION OF BRIGHTON the Directors of the ROYAL POLYTECHNIC INSTITUTION yield to the generally expressed wish that Dr. Ryan should adapt one of his LECTURES to the subject of EXPLOSIVE COMPOUNDS. This Lecture, illustrated by interesting experiments so far as they can be shown with perfect safety, will be delivered daily at Four o'clock, except on Mondays and Saturdays, and in the Evenings of Monday, Wednesday, and Fridays at a Quarter to Nine o'clock. On Mondays and Saturdays, at Four o'clock. Dr. POTT'S PNEUMATIC mode of forming SUBMARINE FOUNDATIONS IN DEEP WATER, with various interesting Experiments. Professor BACHOFFNER'S LECTURES, and all the other subjects of interest in the Institution.—Admission, 1s.; Schools, Half-price.

#### SCIENTIFIC AND LITERARY

ASIATIC SOCIETY.—At the last meeting of the Royal Asiatic Society, a paper was read by Prof. Royle, on the identification of the Hyssop of the Scriptures with the Caper plant. The Professor said that he had on this, as on former occasions, been led to the identification by finding in lists of drugs in Arabian medical writings, a name similar to that of hyssop in Hebrew. He then read some passages of Scripture where the hyssop is mentioned; from which it follows that the plant must have grown in Lower Egypt, and about Mount Sinai before and during the Exodus, and afterwards, about Jerusalem; that it must grow on walls or rocks; and that it must get to a sufficient size to yield a rod or stick; that it must have formed a bunch to be used in sprinkling; and that it must have cleansing properties; and also that it should have a vernacular appellation similar to its Hebrew name. Many plants had been brought forward, but none of them possessed all the requisites. They either did not grow on walls, or they did not form a stick, or they had no cleansing properties, and none of them had a name like the Hebrew *ezob* or *ezov*. Dr. Royle had seen in Rhazes that a species of hyssop grew near Jerusalem; and Burckhardt describes a plant which he saw in the neighbourhood of Mount Sinai called *asuf*. The name and description caused him to infer that this must be the caper plant, one of whose names is *asuf*. He then proceeded to show that the plant possesses all the qualities required for its identification with the hyssop: its name is similar; it grows upon rocks and walls; it is mentioned as becoming a shrub of a hardy and woody substance, when growing in a congenial climate; ancient authors speak of its detergent qualities; and it is still retained as an aperient root in some of the continental pharmacopœias. From all these characteristics the Professor concluded that the caper plant was the Hyssop of the Bible.

#### FINE ARTS.

##### Mr. Gally Knight's *Medieval Architecture of Italy*.

THE second volume of this noble work completes Mr. Gally Knight's selection of examples of the medieval architecture of Italy. The extension of its original plan, which was limited, as the title expresses, to the *Ecclesiastical Architecture of Italy, from the time of Constantine to the 15th Century*, increases the value and interest of the work, which is thus made to fill what its author rightly calls "a gap in the History of Architecture." For though the castellated buildings that yet remain in Italy, testifying by their grim and blank aspect the insecurity of households unprotected by massive walls, are far from being adequately represented by the few specimens slipped in between the rich churches and tombs—as if to set off by their frowning sternness the often florid elegance of the ecclesiastical edifices, they are sufficiently numerous to give an idea of a kind of structure and its chief varieties. In looking through the volume, regarding it first merely as a beautiful picture book, one cannot but feel how much the gratification of taste alone is heightened by the definite purpose of the work: its permanent importance, as a book of reference for the architectural student, is obviously increased. Though the drawings are not deficient in pictorial qualities, the chief attraction is the architecture: the art of the draughtsmen, Sig. Quaglio and Mr. G. Moore, being duly subservient to the characteristics of the various structures, and also more intelligently expressive of them from the circumstance of both sketchers and lithographer being architects by profession. We again advert to this point, as it is too much overlooked by the sketchers who "make books" out of their portfolios; and whose selection is arbitrary, or guided either by the picturesque qualities of the subjects or the striking effect of their sketches. The unity or completeness of a set of views, regarded in an archeological point of view, raises the reputation of the artist on a solid basis; while the union of scientific investigation with artistic beauty, is favourable to the attractiveness, as well as the worth of the work.

It is interesting to trace the influence of classic taste and feeling through all the varieties of the medieval architecture of Italy; giving to the Byzantine, Lombard, and even the Pointed style an aspect of symmetrical compactness, and to the most solid masses an air of elegant lightness. Indeed, the Pointed style has never been naturalized in Italy; there is a polished neatness and brilliancy about Italian Gothic, as though the angles had been rounded off, the shadows softened, and the primitive severity and quaint sharpness of the style smoothed down into ornate prettiness. The Duomo of Milan looks like a fretwork of ivory pinnacles: its exterior is petite in character, despite its vast dimensions. The largest Gothic edifices of Italy have little of the peculiar grandeur that belongs to our cathedrals and those of Germany and France; they do not impress the mind with those feelings of reverential awe that the solemnity of true Gothic inspires: they are often rather gay than grave; and their enrichments have a luxurious and fantastic character, very different from the mysterious intricacy and gloomy uncouthness of the true northern Gothic.

There is something uncongenial to southern vivacity and love of gaiety, in the stern, uncompromising angularity of Pointed architecture. That this style did not take root in the soil of Italy, is evident from the instance given by Mr. Knight of the first Gothic church, San Andrea Vercelli, in Piedmont, which was commenced by Cardinal Guala in 1219, on his return from England, whither he had been sent as legate from the Pope, to uphold the tottering throne of King John. Its façade is Romanesque; but its interior is in the Pointed style, the choir being lighted by three lancet windows. It was built by a French ecclesiastic; and produced no change of style. The next Gothic church, San Francesco, at Assisi—so rich in works of early Italian art—was built by a German architect named Jacobus, in the Pointed style throughout. But if we look to the church of San Francesco di Rimini, a structure pointed within and classic without—marking the first decadence of the Gothic, and the revival of the classic style in Italy—it is evident that the characteristics of Pointed architecture had not been fully felt and entered into by the genius of the Italians, even if the principles were

understood, which we think very doubtful. Speaking of this church, Mr. Knight says, "It was on this spot that the idea of this work was first conceived, and on this spot the undertaking was commenced;" and with this specimen he concludes his view of the architecture during the "interval between ancient Rome and modern Italy."

It is almost superfluous to state, that all the principal churches illustrating the medieval period are introduced. Among the forty plates of which this volume consists, are found views of the cathedrals of Sienna, Orvieto, and Florence—the grandeur of this majestic pile, crowned with the largest dome in the world, and the first of a peculiar construction that has been the type of subsequent cupolas—is well represented in the view. Of other edifices, not ecclesiastical, introduced into the work, the most striking are the Piazza delle Erbe, Verona, the Palazzo Publico of Sienna and Piacenza, Castella Vecchio, Ferrara, and the Asinelli and Garisenda towers of Bologna. These last-mentioned monuments of the family pride and rivalry of the feudal times, are curious relics of an age of perpetual strife and violence; scarcely more ornamental than factory chimnies; these towers run to seed, sprung up in groves—the rank vegetation of a soil tilled with the sword and watered with blood. What a contrast between the state of society in the Middle Ages and at the present day is suggested by a comparison of the lofty towers of the warlike nobles of Pisa and Bologna, pouring down on the people from their machiolated battlements volleys of arrows and showers of molten lead, with the tall chimnies of the "cotton lords" of Manchester and Bolton, vomiting forth only volumes of smoke and showers of soot,—and not long to be suffered to inflict this minor evil on the community.

##### Companion to the most Celebrated Private Galleries of Art in London. By Mrs. Jameson.

No preamble is needed to introduce an historical paragraph or two from the sketch prefixed by Mrs. Jameson to her catalogue raisonné of Her Majesty's Gallery of Pictures.

"The pictures which now constitute the private gallery of Her Majesty at Buckingham Palace, were principally collected by George IV., whose exclusive predilection for pictures of the Dutch and Flemish schools is well known. To those which he brought together here, and which formerly hung in Carlton House, her present Majesty has made, since her accession, many valuable additions—some purchased, and others selected from the royal collections at Windsor and Hampton Court; others have been added by Prince Albert, from the collection of the late Professor D'Alton, of Bonn. \* \* \* George IV. began to form his collection about the year 1802, and was chiefly guided by the advice and judgment of Sir Charles Long, afterwards Lord Farnborough, an accomplished man, whose taste for Art, and intimacy with the King, then Prince of Wales, rendered him a very fit person to carry the royal wishes into execution. The importation of the Orleans gallery had diffused a feeling—or, it may be, a fashion—for the higher specimens of the Italian schools, but under the auspices of George IV. the tide set in an opposite direction. In the year 1812, the very select gallery of Flemish and Dutch pictures collected by Sir Francis Baring was transferred by purchase to the Prince Regent. Sir Francis Baring had purchased the best pictures from the collections of M. Geldermeester of Amsterdam (sold in 1800), and that of the Countess of Holderness (sold in 1802), and, except the Hope gallery, there was nothing at that time to compare with it in England. I have heard that Mr. Seguir valued this collection at eighty thousand pounds; but the exact sum paid for it I do not know—certainly much less."

The circumstances recorded, no less than the well-known preferences of George the Fourth, account for the pre-eminent richness of the Queen's Gallery in specimens of Dutch and Flemish art. Mrs. Jameson's most valuable observations on these painters are given in her introduction to Sir Robert Peel's collection (see ante, p. 385). Here, however, she characterizes Rembrandt apart: but that peculiar artist—perhaps the strangest mixture of poetry and prose, versatility and manner, that could be cited—either baffles her power, or is reserved for a monograph in some other place, a passage from Fuselli's



notes to Pilkington's Dictionary, and a rhapsody from the lady's own "Visits and Sketches," being all that she gives. To these Hazlitt's picturesque character (still incomplete,) might with propriety have been added. With another brief extract, we shall close our notice of the Queen's Gallery:—

"The specimens of Rubens and Van Dyck are excellent, but do not present sufficient variety to afford an adequate idea of the wide range of power of the first of these great painters, nor of the particular talent of the last. On the other hand, the works and style of Gerard Douw, Teniers, Jan Steen, Adrian and Wilhelm Vandervelde, Wouvermans, and Burghem, may be more advantageously studied in this gallery than in any other I have visited, for the specimens of each of these masters are many in number, various in subject, and good in their kind. Of Mieris and Metz, there are finer specimens at Mr. Hope's and Sir Robert Peel's; and the Hobbeas and Cuyp may yield to those of Lord Ashburn and Lord Francis Egerton. But, on the whole, it is certainly the finest gallery of this class of works in England. The collection derives additional interest from the presence of some pictures of the modern British artists—Reynolds, Wilkie, Allan, Newton, Gainsborough. It is, however, only just to these painters to add that not one of their pictures here ought to be considered as a first-rate example of their power. I wish I could add the name of Edwin Landseer, one of the few modern painters whose pictures would not suffer by juxtaposition with this particular school of art; but though he has painted many pictures for the Queen, none of them are as yet placed in the gallery."

An appendix contains a *nude mecum* to the pictures in the corridor at Windsor, almost peerlessly rich in Canaletti, and historically interesting, from the portraits placed there by George the Fourth.

The next collection is the Bridgewater Gallery, the historical notice of which may be here quoted:—

"Some account of the formation and dispersion of the Orleans Gallery has already been given. The Italian part of the collection had been mortgaged for £40,000 to Harman's banking house, when Mr. Bryan, a celebrated collector and picture-dealer, and author of the 'Dictionary of Painters,' induced the Duke of Bridgewater to purchase the whole as it stood for £13,000. The pictures, amounting to 305, were then valued separately by Mr. Bryan, making a total of £72,000, and from among them the Duke selected ninety-four of the finest, at the prices at which they were valued, amounting altogether to 39,000 guineas. The Duke subsequently admitted his nephew, the Earl Gower, and the Earl of Carlisle, to share his acquisition, resigning to the former a fourth part, and to the latter an eighth of the whole number thus acquired. The exhibition and sale of the rest produced £41,000; consequently, the speculation turned out most profitably; for the ninety-four pictures, which had been valued at £39,000, were acquired, in fact, for £2,000. The forty-seven retained for the Duke of Bridgewater were valued at £23,130. \* \* The Duke of Bridgewater already possessed some fine pictures, and after the acquisition of his share of the Orleans Gallery, he continued to add largely to his collection, till his death in 1803, when he left his pictures, valued at £150,000, to his nephew, George, first Marquis of Stafford, (afterwards first Duke of Sutherland). During the life of this nobleman, the collection, added to one formed by himself when Earl Gower, was placed in the house in Cleveland-row, and the whole known then, and for thirty years afterwards, as the Stafford Gallery, became celebrated all over Europe. On the death of the Marquis of Stafford, in 1833, his second son, Lord Francis Leveson Gower, taking the surname of Egerton, inherited, under the will of his grand-uncle, the Bridgewater property, including the collection of pictures formed by the Duke. The Stafford Gallery was thus divided: that part of the collection which had been acquired by the Marquis of Stafford fell to his eldest son, the present Duke of Sutherland; while the Bridgewater Collection, properly so called, devolved to Lord Francis Egerton, and has resumed its original appellation, being now known as the Bridgewater Gallery."

Mrs. Jameson dwells with rapture on the four Raphaels, and discriminates with her usual just taste the amount of value due to those mediocrities, the

Caraccis. Their drawings, however, afford her an opportunity for criticism, of which we shall avail ourselves:—

"But the Caracci drawings, from their number, variety, and beauty, are of paramount importance. Not more than sixty-two have been mounted on sheets for the portfolio; the remainder are framed and distributed for the present through various corridors of his lordship's residence. These, with the numerous pictures of their school contained in this collection, afford an excellent opportunity of appreciating what they have, and what they have not done for art. Their drawings, moreover, have an individuality and interest which do not belong to their pictures. The sentiment of Ludovico, and the serious devotional turn of his mind, are displayed in his designs, which are almost all sacred subjects, generally studies of the Virgin and Child. His two cousins, Agostino and Annibal, adopted his principles and his style, but modified by the personal character of each. Agostino's designs breathe the classical acquirements, and poetical and somewhat capricious temperament of the man. He has left few pictures, and is most celebrated as an engraver. Yet who, in these noble drawings—in the gigantic hand, sketched with a pen, in emulation of Michaelangelo—in the colossal breadth and vigour of treatment of the grand cartoon for the 'Galatea' of the Farnese Palace—would have divined the engraver by profession? One of Agostino's most interesting drawings is the portrait of his son Antonio, who studied art in the school of his uncle Ludovico, and after giving promise of great excellence, died young. Lord Lansdowne has a beautiful little picture attributed to him, and in the Louvre is a picture of 'The Deluge,' (No. 935) admirable for feeling and execution. Annibal, with less sentiment than Ludovico, and less poetry of soul than 'il bizzarro' Agostino, is yet the most celebrated, the most popular, and most versatile painter of the three. His drawings in this collection evince, even more than his pictures, that power and variety in composition and character which distinguish him. His studies from the life, and his landscapes, are among the finest. One of the most curious and interesting is a slight sketch, the first thought for the famous Holy Family, at Windsor, called 'Il Silenzio' (Windsor Gallery, No. 121), so often copied and engraved. \* \* But in their predominant principle of selection and imitation, there is something that strikes us as conventional and factitious; under another and perhaps a higher point of view, the school of the Caracci was not a mere factitious combination of anomalous ingredients; it was stamped with a character of its own, and presents to us a true reflection of the religion and literature of that age. That these painters, and particularly Ludovico, approached sacred subjects with some faith in their reality and significance, cannot be doubted; yet the simple piety of the apostles and disciples of Christ was not more distinct from the spirit of Catholicism in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, than the pure religious feeling and *naïveté* of a Perugino or a Frate Angelico from the pompous dignity and elaborate grace, mingled with a kind of vulgar conventional familiarity, of the later Bologna school. A pagan and classical spirit had seized upon the domains of art from the beginning of the sixteenth century, owing principally to the influence of the Medici. In the seventeenth, the church reconquered her spiritual influence over painting, but in doing so, imparted to it 'an ecclesiastical and sacerdotal, rather than a religious character.' In Ranke's History of the Popes are some excellent remarks on the character and tendency of the Caracci school with reference to the church. \* \* Though differing greatly in personal character, these three kinsmen were all enthusiasts in their vocation. Ludovico, who began life a slow, thoughtful, melancholy boy, (it was said of him, while he studied in the atelier of Fontana, that 'he was more fit to grind colours than to use them,') early conceived and deliberately pursued, through his whole career, one lofty aim—that of restoring his art from that degraded state into which it had fallen in the hands of the *mannerists*. He associated his cousins, Agostino and Annibal, in his views; and when he was seized with doubts and fears, and had nearly sunk under the opposition and vituperation of his adversaries, they, though inferior to himself, encouraged and supported him. Lanzi says express-

ly, that if Annibal and Agostino had fallen into other hands, they might have been painters, but that painting through their means would never have advanced one step. It is also too true that Agostino and Annibal have left certain works which show that they could prostitute their art most disgracefully and heathenishly. The mind of Ludovico was higher pitched. The three together pursued one purpose, united, yet emulous of each other: they breathed a new life into art; they gave to it an impress, which it retained through two centuries."

After a passing remark or two on the Teniers and Cuyp and Claudes, comes something a little more special than the best fancied enthusiasm concerning those rare landscape poets:—

"Another attraction of this gallery, is the opportunity it affords of studying some rare painters seldom found even in public collections, except in those of their native places. The 'St. John,' by Luis de Vargas, shows that the great *gusto* of the Florentine school had wandered into Spain, though overpowered soon after by the inveterate *naturalism* of the Seville school. Lorenzo Lotto, the Venetian, is also little known, and his picture here is an interesting evidence of the extensive influence which Giorgione (young as he was when he died, heart-broken, they say, because *Morto da Feltra* had carried off his mistress,) exercised on the painters of his time; and here is an exquisite little portrait by Ary de Voys, and a picture by Schagen, and a 'St. Joseph' by Morelze. These are names we sometimes meet with, and it is always interesting to an amateur to be able to associate with these names some definite idea of the individual style and power, instead of those vague and common-place descriptions in catalogues and biographies, which seldom take hold of the memory. But this gallery has yet another attraction, owing principally to the taste of its present possessor; it contains some excellent works of modern English painters. Near to the famous 'Rising of the Gale,' by Vander Velde, hangs the 'Gale at Sea,' by Turner, not less sublime, not less true to the grandeur and the modesty of nature—that modesty which in his later works he has so wildly overstepped; and by Edwin Landseer, the beautiful original of a composition which the art of the engraver has made familiar to the eye, the 'Return of the Hawking Party,' a picture which has all the romance of poetry and the antique time, and all the charm and value of a family picture. Nor can I pass, without particular notice, one of the most celebrated productions of the modern French historical school—'Charles I. in the Guard Room,' by Paul Delaroche. A truly grand picture, which Lord Francis Egerton has added to the gallery since 1838."

We may once again return to this attractive volume.

#### MUSIC AND THE DRAMA

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.—The grand ballet of 'Joan of Arc,' promised for Mlle. Elssler, has dwindled into a very simple *divertissement*, 'La Paysanne Grande Dame,' produced at her benefit. Out of so utterly slight a trifle, no power short of consummate genius could have extracted a success. Assuredly it is "penny wise and pound foolish" for any management thus to trifle with a first-rate artist and the public. The stress thus laid on the exertions of one individual amounts to a gratuitous risk. Not all Mlle. Fanny Elssler's brilliant exertions could so veil the meagreness of the work, and the parsimony of its *dis-appointments*, as to ward off a lively expression of public disapprobation in the closing scene—and this, re-acting on the *artiste*, made her last dance, a *pas de caractère*, go off flatly. We have, however, seen few stage creatures so sparkling with brilliancy and animation of the best comic quality as Mlle. Fanny's *Casilda*. She is a Bearnaise peasant, just on the eve of matrimony with M. Perrot. Her dance on signing the contract displays an amount of executive power and grace combined, which surpasses most of her former efforts, and lures us to forget that we have been disappointed of the Maid of Domremi. No wonder that those "twinkling feet" and those arch eyes should entrance a travelling Marquis: who sets himself to tempt the maid after the most approved stage fashion. Alas! for female constancy, he succeeds in inducing her to elope with him to Paris. The scene changes, and forth bursts the damsel in the full blaze of town finery—dressed out in

necklaces and bracelets too heavy, but marvellously brilliant—in pompous feathers, which will torment eyes and ears unposed to such waving paraphernalia, and a stately robe befitting her sprightly rustic motions as awkward as did the “*abita colla coua*” the Venetian tigress, commemorated in Lord Byron’s letters. The haste, the vain-glory, the exquisitely ridiculous efforts to make herself at home in her grand clothes, and the kindly manner in which she takes to a lesson or two in coquetry, are of the highest order of comedy. With these the interest of the *divertissement* ceases: and we take our leave of it.

The revival of ‘*La Gazza Ladra*’ on Thursday week was very unsatisfactory. The *Pippa* of the evening (Miss Edwards) spoiled every piece of concerted music in which she appeared,—sometimes singing false notes, more frequently not singing at all, always out of tune—and, by way of compensation, flourishing a fine cambric handkerchief and a brilliant ring; proper wearables for a peasant boy! The performance of that lovely duet, ‘*Ebben per mia memoria*,’ deserves especial commemoration. After the first *contralto solo*, which was *encored* by a few zealous friends, Madame Grisi, forgetting that under the circumstances silence was the really valuable tribute to good singing, took offence and whispered the rest of the *morceau*: which was virtually finished by the orchestra, since Miss Edwards is, on principle, inaudible in all passages *a due*. The latter lady’s scene in the belfry, too, was about as cool an exhibition of self-confidence as the stage has seen. Signor Fornasari overacts the part so splendidly performed by Tamburini; and seems to growl more and more tremulously every night we hear him. He, too, in concerted music, is sadly ineffective and uncertain: but we have heard a rumour, that the question of re-engagement may possibly be settled by his retirement from the stage to agricultural pursuits in Italy.

The re-appearance of Signor Moriani has enabled the management to exhibit this splendid voice, but unequal singer, in another of his good parts: which is *Gennaro* in ‘*Lucrezia Borgia*.’ The sentimental tone of this character, and the impossibility of executing its music with any adornment, suit the Signor admirably; and the public is delighted accordingly. But the real strength of the performance lies with Madame Grisi and Signor Lablache. The former has always seemed to revel in the character: but she has studied the terrible scene at the end of the second act anew; and, as now given by her, it approaches that highest order of acting which is intellectual as well as impulsive. The play of her countenance and her attitudes furnish a series of the finest studies that painter could desire. Were she a new comer, instead of an old favourite, how rapturous would enthusiasm become, in the present impoverished state of the musical stage!

**SADLER’S WELLS.**—Last Monday at this theatre the tragedy of ‘*Hamlet*’ was produced with an attention to the *mise en scène* which appears to have received the public encouragement that the attempt deserves. The supernatural effects, in particular, are carefully studied, and the whole business of the Ghost is managed with tact and cleverness. Mr. Marston pronounced the part with emphasis and discretion. Mr. Phelps’s *Hamlet* is an exceedingly natural impersonation, without exaggeration of manner or anxiety to make points; but marked occasionally with passages of very beautiful elocution. His direction to the players was, in particular, admirably delivered. Mrs. Warner, in *Gertrude*, and Mr. G. Bennett, in the *King*, performed with their usual talent; and altogether the caste was quite adequate to the occasion. The house continues to be crowded.

#### MISCELLANEA

**Mr. George Stephenson.**—This eminent engineer, at a recent entertainment at Newcastle, gave the following account of himself:—“The first locomotive that I made was at Killingworth colliery, and with Lord Ravensworth’s money. Yes! Lord Ravensworth and Co. were the first parties that would intrust me with money to make a locomotive engine. That engine was made 32 years ago, and we called it ‘*My Lord*.’ I said to my friends that there was no limit to the speed of such an engine, provided the works could be made to stand. In this respect great perfection has been reached, and in consequence a very

high velocity has been attained. In what has been done by my management, the merit is only in part my own: I have been most ably seconded and assisted by my son. In the earlier period of my career, and when he was a little boy, I saw how deficient I was in education, and made up my mind that he should not labour under the same defect, but that I would put him to a good school, and give him a liberal training. I was, however, a poor man, and how do you think I managed? I betook myself to mending my neighbours’ clocks and watches at night, after my daily labour was done; and thus I procured the means of educating my son. He became my assistant and my companion. He got an appointment as under-reviewer, and at nights we worked together at our engineering. I got leave to go from Killingworth to lay down a railway at Hetton, and next to Darlington; and after that I went to Liverpool, to plan a line to Manchester. I there pledged myself to attain a speed of 10 miles an hour. I said I had no doubt the locomotive might be made to go much faster, but we had better be moderate at the beginning. The directors said I was quite right; for if, when they went to Parliament, I talked of going at a greater rate than 10 miles an hour, I would put a cross on the concern. It was not an easy task for me to keep the engine down to ten miles an hour, but it must be done, and I did my best. I had to place myself in that most unpleasant of all positions—the witness-box of a Parliamentary committee. I was not long in it, I assure you, before I began to wish for a hole to creep out at. I could not find words to satisfy either the committee or myself. Some one inquired if I were a foreigner, and another hinted that I was mad. But I put up with every rebuff, and went on with my plans, determined not to be put down. Assistance gradually increased—improvements were made every day—and to-day a train, which started from London in the morning, has brought me in the afternoon to my native soil, and enabled me to take my place in this room, and see around me many faces which I have great pleasure in looking upon.”—*Sun*.

**Pensions on the Civil List.**—The following are the pensions which have been granted during the year ending June 20:—Dame Maria Bell, 100*l.* a year, in consideration of the services rendered to science by her late husband, Sir Charles Bell; Miss Ann Drummond, in consideration of the public services of her brother, the lamented Mr. Edward Drummond, assassinated by Macnaghten, 200*l.* a year; Mr. Robert Brown, the botanist, 250*l.* a year; Dame Florentia Sale, wife of the hero of Jellalabad, 500*l.* a year; and Sir William Rowan Hamilton, the Astronomer Royal for Ireland, 200*l.* a year: making altogether, 1,200*l.* per annum thus conferred.

**Market Weston Church.**—We have much pleasure in bringing to the notice of our readers a successful application of science in restoring to a perpendicular position the north wall of Market Weston Church. The church is supposed to have been erected in the fourteenth century. From age and casualties the north wall had declined outwardly 19 inches from the perpendicular, and threatened the utter destruction of the building. Under the superintendence of Mr. Cottingham, this wall (the weight of which had been calculated at 240 tons) has been brought up to the perpendicular, by the process of expanding by heat three bars of iron, 24 inches in diameter, which traversed and connected both walls of the church. These bars (which had screws worked on one end of them and projected beyond the south wall) were inclosed in cast iron boxes filled with lighted charcoal. When the bars were fully expanded by the heat, the screws were wound up firmly to the undamaged south wall. The charcoal boxes were then removed, and the process of cooling commenced. Gradually the bars contracting equally with their previous expansion, compelled the whole mass of the wall to follow the irresistible power now exerting itself, and in four successive operations the whole wall rose to its original perpendicular.—*Bury Post*.

**TO CORRESPONDENTS.**—A. S. S.—E. L.—An Artist—C. L. A.—V. de P.—Constant Reader—Verax—received. We are obliged to S. S.—We cannot insert Dr. Hastings’s letter. He does not deny the accuracy of the dates and facts. It is more quackery to announce to the ignorant public “consumption cured,” on no better evidence than is adduced in his pamphlet: although he was quite justified in bringing the subject under the consideration of the profession.

#### KNIGHT’S WEEKLY VOLUME.

**THE CHINESE.** By J. F. DAVIS, Esq. F.R.S. Governor of Hong-Kong. A New Edition, revised and enlarged. Vol. I. London: Charles Knight & Co. 22, Ludgate-street.

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